

# Foreign Flashlights

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A Collection of Letters  
From Europe

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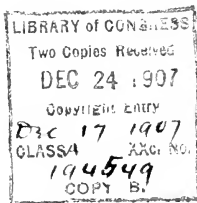
A Collection of Letters  
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L. M. CUTTING  
1907



TO VIRGINIA LEWIS DALBEY,

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Whose magic wand created for me and my spouse, not only a carriage and prancing pair, but trains of cars, ocean liners, comfortable and beautiful hotels, art galleries and great Cathedrals in which the best loved energies of the greatest artists and builders of all ages have been centered:

This collection of notes is dedicated.

MAY V. CUTTING.

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## CHAPTER ONE

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### OUTWARD BOUND

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*May 15, 1907, Via Pennsylvania R. R.; Indiana, One Hour East of Terre Haute.*

Dear Papa:

We have ridden into the sunshine, and the coach is warm; so there is no more shivering as there was this morning. Your apples look pretty on the window-sill.

Mrs. Lewis has been reading Dickens' Christmas Carol to me. Virginia is engrossed in the Mettle of the Pasture. I have been looking out the windows at the green of the fields and trees. The boys (rather inappropriate for the man past his half century) are still grinning over their vacation. Leonard ate so slowly that his strawberry shortcake lasted until we were thro' our meal. We had soup (our choice of five

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kinds), white fish, roast beef, lamb chops, potatoes (chipped, French fried or new creamed), asparagus, tomato salad, coffee and short cake, I hope we shall not eat much supper.

The observation car is beautiful! Great, easy willow, cushioned chairs, can be pushed about. A bookcase, with good books, is built on each side of the desk with its beautiful stationery. We have the free use of a stenographer and typewriter, and I would dictate to this red-liveried man if I had not been brought up never to dictate to anyone.

The balcony must be delightful in hot weather, but I have my gloves on now to keep my arms warm. Lunch is called. I may add more later. You see eating is a big part of going to Europe.

9:15 p. m.—We are waiting for the beds to be made. We discovered when we entered the dining car, that we had eaten only a lunch at noon, and must eat dinner at night, so we did our



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best; but it was almost a case of cramming. We'll have more for the fishes. I hope we shall not eat much tomorrow.

There are the cutest little electric lights that pop out from a secret spring in the lower berth. I shall go to bed now and read myself to sleep.

Good night—and lots of love for each of you at home. The time will soon pass when we shall be home again loaded with memories. I am sure I forgot to tell Fannie goodbye, and she was so kind to help me off this morning.

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*Hotel Aster, New York, May 17, 1907.*

My Dear Ones:

That makes you individual, doesn't it? I spent a few hours in Philadelphia. It did my heart good to find dear old Uncle Frank so well and I had the most delightful call at Cousin Mary's. She took me all over her grand house, and out over the garden with its old trees and winding paths, bordered with box and old-fash-

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ioned beds of flowers of every variety. She was so cordial and inquired very particularly about each one of "thee."

At 5:30 Leonard and Dwight met me at the 23rd street dock, and we came to this beautiful hotel. It, in itself, is worthy of a long descriptive letter. We have an outside room with private bath—a pair of paper slippers is furnished each day, and the sanitary wash-cloth is sealed at 212 degrees so the paper tells us. The astor is the decoration of carpets, dishes, tumblers, wallpaper—everything. Even the ink-well from which I write is an astor.

We ate our evening meal in the Louis XIV dining room with its beveled plate mirrors. Gen. Kuroki was being banqueted in the Wisteria room. The offices were swarming with the brown uniformed Japs.

After an evening at the Hippodrome, where we saw a wild west show—lots of Indians, cow-boys—a regular circus with horse-back and bi-

cycle riders, Arabian acrobats, trained seals and elephants. And then a play, Neptuns's Daughters, who rise out of the water, blink the drops off of their eyelashes, and lure the young men who have been hired to entertain the summer boarders at this sea-side resort, into their brimy home. After all this we went through the hotel kitchen, where two hundred people are employed to feed the six thousand daily guests. We saw quantities of beautiful bread and baked apples just out of the ovens, dainty baskets of flowers made of candy, and a ship too—perhaps to compliment Gen. Kuroki.

Two stories below ground, we went to see the immaculate machinery that lights and heats this great house. And down there we found another banqueting hall—a wine cellar furnished with heavy dark tables and chairs, and enclosed at the far end with a replica of the great wine cask at Heidelberg.

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*May 19, 1907—Koing Albert*

We are one day east of New York. The watches are set up thirty minutes. Everyone is glad we are gaining time, for the meals come earlier. Breakfast at eight, bullion with ham and tongue sandwiches at eleven, a five course lunch at one, tea and lemonade with all kinds of cookies at four, a nine course dinner at seven, more lemonade and cookies before going to bed. I need not tell you the sea is calm. To be sure "the ship steps up to meet you" (quoted from Dwight); but we are all good boarders.

A remarkable thing is that Leonard, Dwight and I are the only passengers we know of, who have never been over before—many of them habitually—even as many as thirty-nine times. It is common for our fellow passengers to tell us they envy us our first impressions. And there is a certain joy in the newness of experiences. Our first surprise was the steamer letters. How precious those good wishes with their familiar

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signatures were, when we were 'way out of sight of land.

Virginia is practicing today, for the church services tomorrow. There is nothing that needs a doer but that she is the one to do it.

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*Mittwoch, den 22 Mai, 1907.*

I have copied the date from the picture postal breakfast menu. We were wakened Sunday morning by a most impressive chorale played by the band. They also opened the church services with religious music. Dr. Johnson, of Baltimore, preached a beautiful sermon to a dining-room well filled with passengers. The singing was led by Mrs. Cummings of Chicago. There are several talented people on board: Mr. Albert Kusner, a composer; Mr. Bensinger, a portrait painter; Mr. Palmer, a snow scene artist; Mr. Crane, a great ship builder. But the only passenger that really knows his worth is a tiny brown wooly dog who cost one thousand dollars.

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and has been taken aboard seventeen times. He wears his hair in a single braid between the ears, it and the ears are tied with long, pink ribbons. He always has the personal care of his foster-parents, which is an advantage over the children on board, who are all in the care of nurse maids.

Monday night there was a dance on the star-board deck. The two sides were draped with the signal flags, and those of many nations; and the ceiling was festooned with red, white and blue electric lights. The girls looked so pretty in their light dresses, and the music was so energizing, that Leonard and I went to the deck below, where we were alone, and there we—aged collectively ninety-one, took and gave our first dancing lesson. It was hard work and I soon tired, so we went back to the ball-room and watched the others. How well the young German officers danced! Always in perfect time to the music, but the Americans—some of them—

just sawed wood or strolled at the most leisurely pace, with the arm rather nearer than is conventional in walking.

We have such good orchestral music during our lunch and dinner, and a concert at ten o'clock in the morning. Between those times the musicians are making beds or waiting on the tables. I have been amused at each steward's admiration for his emperor expressed in his waxed mustache. No matter how thin the growth, it is carefully twirled up towards the eyes in true Wilhelm II style.

Leonard and I made a tour of the ship this morning. We found the second cabin very clean and comfortable—of course there is more motion aft than in the middle of the vessel; but its dining-room is almost as beautiful in its walnut finish as ours is, in white and gold. The kitchens for both the first and second cabin passengers seem equally tempting, and a steward aft was polishing the steel knives until they

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shone—just as bright as ours. The Ospedale on the deck below was all that could be desired in fresh air and well scrubbed floors and walls. There were only a few patients. If I had to travel steerage, I would hope to be a patient, that I might lie in one of those clean beds, and be cared for by the kind nurse.

*May 24th.*

The post-card menu tells me what day it is on shore. This morning the picture was of Die Wartburg, which immediately suggested Martin Luther.

As I lay awake in the early morning, I wished I could describe the noises of the engine and creaking timbers as the ship rolled along. I went to the door and found some one polishing shoes—long before dawn. Then I remembered that when we went to bed at 11:30, men were scrubbing the passages. The working hours are surely very long. Everything is so immaculate. I have carried the same handkerchief for a



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week—but it had tears of joy on it today. When we were at breakfast, we saw—the Nekar! A gull, then four, then a dozen skirted our ship! (There have been six days with no sign of life outside our own vessel!) They were scarcely gone when the cry of “Land! Land!” brought everyone to the railing. On the eastern horizon was a faint, cloudy outline. About noon, the engine stopped for its first rest—for we were really at the Azores. Gems of green set in the blue sea! The fields are like patch work sewed with hedges; and the houses are so white, nestling against the hillsides; and the cattle look so venturesome, grazing on their steep pasture—one advantage, they do not have to bend the neck much to reach the grass if they stand with their backs to the sea.

A row-boat floating the stars and stripes, and carrying Portugese sailors, three well dressed ladies (one of them was using a longnette) and a well shaven priest, brought us a can of cream

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and baskets of fish and flowers. They carried home with them dozens of magazines and a pouch of letters, which will be given to the first west bound steamer stopping there.

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### *Gibraltar, May 28th.*

About three o'clock yesterday we landed on the pier here, and were received by great delegations of porters, fruit and post card venders and carriage drivers all determined to assist us. The conveyances are the quaintest little spider phaetons drawn by one horse. But the walk was short thro the city gate, (we were so glad to be putting our legs to use again) and up the narrow, crooked streets to the hotel. It is a queer adaptation of Moorish art in its marble floors and tiled walls. The walls are narrow with turns and a few steps up or down at the most unexpected places. As soon as we could find our way out of the queer halls, we were across the street, darting into the shops

one after another, perfectly bewildered with the laces and drawn work nailed outside the doors, and the embroidery and carved ivory in the shop windows. The Hindoo merchants are all persuasion, but are in business only for your sake, so will sell you anything for five dollars if you refuse to pay ten. Mrs. Lewis asked me to help her select a Maltese lace collar—and it was for me! Wasn't she clever? I bought some embroidery from China and more from Japan, drawn linen from the Canary Islands, a black Mantilla from Spain, and a carved sandal-wood fan—all in a little shop about twelve feet square. Shopping became such a mania that I bought two silk shawls after leaving land—threw the money and the merchant threw the shawls across the widening water.

But speaking of Gibraltar, we went to ride in the funny carriages this morning thro' the park where the flowers grow to look like giants of our home varieties. Indeed, they do every-

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where. One entire house roof was covered with sweet peas, and another with geraniums. The houses are built of brick and covered with plaster. The governor's plain abode is patrolled every instant by three red coats; the other five thousand nine hundred ninety-seven are some of them patrolling the neutral ground. Meanwhile, the black uniformed Spaniards pace their line with equal step (but the back bone is not so straight). Most of the English soldiers are perhaps at their barracks—beautiful gray stone, modern buildings—to the south of the peninsula where the cannon spread their mouths on every side to the open sea. That sounds very terrible, but in every crevice, where a bit of earth may lodge on this mighty lion's rocky frame, are growing millions of yellow daisies—fearless of all foes. And 'way up high from the top most point, the Marconi Mercury tells of incoming ships by hanging golden balls aloft.

But the gnarled olive tree interests me; and

even more, the fezed or turbaned Moor. How does he keep on his heelless slippers? How much width is there in his enormous trousers? Who made the beautiful bag that is slung over his shoulder? He is all courtesy. He said "Goodnight" to us last night when we were returning from our lark. We passed a restaurant where we read the signs "Married people of the rank and file only are admitted" and another "Beer will be served in the skittle alley." We were not tempted to prove our "rank and file" or hunt the "skittle alley. After wondering where we would "rank" in English society, we appreciated the courtesy of the Moor's "Goodnight."

When we reached our room, our chambermaid was waiting for us in the hall. She asked to serve us, and when we assured her we wanted nothing, she left us with a courteous "Goodnight."

Here we are landed on the other side of the

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Atlantic and I haven't written you a word about the sunshine in the ocean spray, the sunsets that trailed after us a great flood of gold, the moon-light that multiplies its strength a million times in a broadening path on the ocean. How I have longed for language to clothe those most joyous sensations!

Now, I think of it, I haven't told of the school of porpoises jumping over the waves, and the tiny flying fish that really look like birds as they skip four or five times, (as you skip a flat stone) and then disappear below. But I must mail this. The call is "All aboard for Tangiers!"

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## CHAPTER TWO

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### TANGIERS

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*Tangiers, May 29th.*

A Moor in red silk embroidered coat and blouse (which name I shall give the garment covering the legs, for there must be at least two yards of blouse between the knees. If I were making one—or two, whichever may be the correct numeral—I should make a broad bag just the length from the waist below the bend of the knee. In each corner, I should cut a hole large enough for the foot and calf to pass thro'; then plait the top into a band fitting the waist. If I were rich, I would make it of a heavy soft silk; if not, of coffee sacking. This richly dressed Arab in fez and turban—the white cloth is wound around the bachelor's fez when he takes a wife—was the captain of the steamer that brought us across the Straits of Gibraltar and along the mountainous coast of Africa to Tangiers. We anchored a mile

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from shore, and then leaned over the railing a half hour watching and listening to the high-keyed babel of the Arabs in the row-boats and the Arabs on the steamer, bargaining over the price of landing us. Such fun! At last the rope stairway was let down on the outside of the ship. The oarsmen of the boat to be loaded, hung tight to our stair platform, the baggage was carried down and thrown in; we followed to the square platform, aimed well and jumped seaward with a sinking heart and a fluttering hope that it would sink into the boat instead of the ocean.

Athree mile row—counting the ups and downs, over the crest and into the trough of each wave brought us to the pier—the only modern thing in Tangiers except our hotel.

While on the pier, a merchant approached us, carrying on his back a bundle much like a good sized family's weekly wash. He threw it on the rough planked floor and untied the corners. Then he shook before our eyes richly em-



broidered squares of cloth, finely wrought webs of drawn linen. He knew enough of our lan-  
gested, so he thought to tempt with a price of  
guage to say "\$30.00." But I was not inter-  
\$15. This was for a marvelous bedspread show-  
ing months of careful toil.

Leaving the merchant, we walked thro' the  
city gate where three white robed, wise looking  
custom officers sat cross-legged on a shelf out of  
the dirt, and ordered the best looking pieces of  
baggage opened for a merely formal inspec-  
tion. A further walk up the hill thro' narrow  
streets with many turns, stepping on the round-  
est of cobblestones and trying to avoid the mid-  
dle of the street which is slightly depressed and  
serves as the only sewerage system of the city;  
dodging droves of little burros, laden with sad-  
dle-baskets holding at least two bushels of char-  
coal, sand, brick, grain, barrels,( three large  
ones or four small ones), driven by boys who  
yell "Ar—r—r—ah!" to urge the beasts on-

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ward, and guide them to right or left by an inflection of the voice; what seemed quite a walk, tho' it proved to be only two blocks, brought us to the hotel.

Such a haven! Marble floors in black and white diamonds; and gliding over them, three silk-robed, slippered Arabs to serve us. Great high walls hung with hammered brass plaques, a balcony looking out over a bay as beautiful as the bay of Naples. Our rooms were over it. One of our party not knowing of the balcony, threw some water out of his window. A French gentleman and his lady were sitting below in the moonlight, probably "out-nighting" Lorenzo and Jessica, when the water fell. We could not understand the French language, but gesture and facial expression and color made the man's thoughts clear. Apology seemed slow when only possible thro' an interpreter—but when the silver-tongued apology was emphasized with gold, the Frenchman subsided. In-

ternational warfare had been imminent!

Virginia's room was on the street, just on a level with the roofs opposite. The people of the house came out on the roof in the twilight. We bowed and smiled and waved at them. They stared and smiled and stared at us. They spent the night on the roof, and the street is so narrow (one street is just the width of my arms akimbo), that Virginia really scarcely slept, fearing they would step thro' her window.

Their houses do not have windows; they are built of brick, covered with plaster, which is white, or colored by rubbing on a pink or blue powder.

The next morning at four o'clock the high pitched voices rose from the bay to our open window. By six, there was such a babel I could not sleep, so sat me down at the window to enjoy the activities that had begun two hours before. Several flat-boat loads of freight had come in during the night, as far as the shallow

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beach would let them, and the business of unloading was at its height. There were six men wading waist deep to a flat-boat of bricks. Each carried a basket full on his shoulders to the shore and dumped them in a pile. Another flat boat carried thirty-six steers. Each one of these was lifted by placing the end of a plank under the belly; then he was rolled down the inclined board into the water. He disappeared with a splash, came to the surface in a moment, and swam ashore.

One little boy, not more than ten, was driving as many loaded burros with only his voice to guide, and a stick to encourage them. This "Ar—r—r—r—ah!" called out by hundreds of drivers, is the commonest noise of the streets. It is accompanied by the tinkle of the brass cups carried by the water venders, who sell you a drink from a hair covered goat's skin. These men show their lack of ingenuity by holding the thumb over the mouth of the skin, instead

of using a cork from the trees “just over the way” in Spain.

To us who use tons of coal, the fagot vender was a strange sight. Women carrying bundles of fagots as large as the arms could clasp, walked in stooping posture, with the hands under the bundle on the back, fully eight miles from their country homes to the market. At evening, back they trudged, if they had made no sale, to return the next day—with better hope, I started to say; but hope is a stranger to those faces.

In the market, too, was the scribe, painfully copying each character of the Koran. And with much more zeal was the story-teller—a single toothed, skinny man, whose eyes glared as he dramatically told the story of Mohammed; and regularly punctuated each exhaustive declaration with three beats on his real tortoise-shell timbuctoo.

Then there was the snake charmer, who played music to his sleek, wriggling companions.

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Allowed them to bite his tongue, and with the poisonous blood that they drew, he lighted a fire by putting straw in his mouth; and the flame and smoke that ascended to heaven saved his filthy body from the death that would come to unbelievers.

But not all Arabs are filthy. The officers in the custom house and the dining-room in our hotel were exquisitely groomed men. Their gold embroidered silk coats and blousy trousers, with the handsome sash wound around the waist, the leather embroidered great pocket that swings from the shoulder, the red fez or white rimmed turban, form a costume of good harmony in color and outline. I was all in sympathy with Desdemona in her peculiar choice of a husband—but lo! when I came to Venice, our drapper little courier told us Othello was not a Moor—the romance was shattered! Yes, this same little fellow said Shylock never lived in Venice, and another waxed mustache told

us the ball before the battle of Waterloo was a myth. So I shall believe as I prefer! But I think one of the handsomest of these Moors would have made a fine lover for Desdemona. Of course, not the common kind! Not one of those making doughnuts with his fingers and frying them in an old churn that has the end knocked out, and a pan of greece fitted in, while a boy sticks fagots in at the bottom. Not even the man that was hammering the patterns of crescents into the brass trays. No! nor the mail carriers who walk fifty miles every day, carrying the great basket pouches on their backs, from Tangiers to Fez—a distance of two hundred miles. Certainly not the beggars sitting against the walls in the narrow streets waiting to die. But one of those speeding his beautiful black steed on the sandy beach—every movement of the horse showing strength and beauty, every line of the white robed rider showing alertness and decision.

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We met these horsemen when returning from a long ride thro' the Riff village and out to an old Roman bridge. The Riff is the home of the very poor. The land is covered with prickly pears all in pink or yellow blossom. The thatched huts are in scattered groups in this most impregnable enclosure. Even we, who were so comfortably seated on our Spanish saddles, scarcely avoided some prickles. The Spanish saddle has a back and two sides and a foot rest. You sit facing the mule's left side. There are no wheeled conveyances in Tangiers.

So much more engrossing were all these scenes from real life than the so-called theatre to which our dragoman guided us with his lantern in the evening. In a small upstairs room, a dozen men sat on the floor, four of them playing cards, and the others singing, their eyes cast heavenward or entirely closed, accompanied by a single timbuctoo. Our dragoman joined the singers, seeming to be perfectly familiar with



the Oriental melody. For there was melody—minor, in common time. The other singers, we had seen on the streets or in the bazaars. The fee of admission was a peseta, or twenty cents, and entitled us to a cup of very sweet black coffee. There were only five in the audience, so these men cannot live by singing alone.

But night scenes are veiled from the tourist in Tangiers, by the very essence of darkness. Even tho' the moon may transform the bay into a sheet of silver, she cannot bend her beams to illuminate those narrow, crooked passage ways.

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## CHAPTER THREE

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### SPAIN

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*May 30th,—Bound for Cadiz.*

We are aboard the Barcelona—a beautiful yacht built for the Queen Dowager of Spain. It is Moorish in style. The ceilings of carved cedar in star and hexagon design, inlaid with blue and gold enamel. Arabic letters in blue and gold border the stairway, and a tiling of the same colors forms a dado around the walls of the upper and lower cabin. There are three suites of rooms furnished in blue and tan and red, respectively; and a great marble tub is in the Queen's bathroom. It seems the Queen does not enjoy the sea, so this exquisite piece of workmanship is in the public service.

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*Cadiz—Friday, 8:30 a. m.*

We go to ride in thirty minutes. If people are not too sociable, I'll have that much time with you. It is pleasant to be in a party, but I

cannot always write when I want to. This is a very congenial party. People of means, but no flummery—just sensible as you and I are. Our conductor is so helpful—calls us in the morning, explains the money system, has good, airy rooms reserved for us at the best hotels, looks after all the baggage, interprets the language—we haven't a care. But you are saying "Hey, there! your time will be up and you haven't told us a thing."

We are here at the holy season of Corpus Christi. The streets are festooned with flowers and all the city is in gala attire. There was a bull fight yesterday in honor of the day. Two of our party went. But we preferred to sit in a palm shaded square and watch the people. There were a few ladies in modern dress and last year's hats—they turned up instead of down. There were ever so many exquisitely dressed children—as elaborate as the big dolls in Field's show window—all over lace, embroid

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ery or drawn work, not a simple dress among them. The nursemaids looked like ladies, but wore wide embroidered aprons. I have decided all Spaniards are beautiful. The bed rooms are full of mirrors so they must know how they look.

I took care to notice one child's hat yesterday, so I could tell you about it. It was a broad, lacey affair, and had on it two large bunches of grapes, one purple and one white, two large red roses on long stems, and one white one, and the foilage of rose leaves. The child wearing it was not over five years old. All the little girls had black curls—no! I did see one whose hair was crimped. (I saw a baby in arms with hair in curl papers.)

This hotel is built like the Palace of San Francisco. There are great palms, a foot and a half in diameter, in the court. What puzzles is, did they build the house around the palms, or do the palms grow as fast as a castor-bean?

We went to the cathedral this morning where Murillo's last painting, the Adoration of St. Catherine, is over the altar. It was while painting this picture, that the artist fell from the scaffolding, and died two months later from the injury.

Then we went to the bull ring where the floral decorations are not yet withered, or the blood stains in the arena yet dried from yesterday's slaughter. There were "only" five bulls and five horses killed yesterday. Usually there are six bulls and as many horses as possible. We went into the six pens and heard more than we wanted to about the fasting and tormenting. I wonder whether "tor" means bully-ing?

The streets are clean—(women scrub the pavement) and narrow—only fifteen feet wide. Leonard stepped it. The houses are four or five stories high, with overhanging windows and graceful iron railings. As the houses line with the street, they, themselves,

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shade the street every hour but midday. There are many open squares where seats are plentiful, and there is always the open court indoors, so the people spend many hours under the sky.

Many women on the street are wrapped in gaily embroidered crepe shawls and wear a flower in their hair. At church every woman wears her black dress and mantilla.

Somebody's sweetheart lives over the way. We passed the lover standing at her window as we left and as we returned to the hotel yesterday. He must have been there an hour. This morning the lady-love was at an upstairs window, but he stood on the pavement delivering his message with as much ador as before.

These narrow streets educate the horses to back well. The first carriage to enter a block has the right of way, and any others must back out. The mule, and his kind, are used here as in Tangiers to carry everything. We saw one this morning that was apparently bedecked

with flowers. Drawing nearer, we found him to be the vegetable carryall; and the skill with which the measures and scales were adjusted, and the harmony in colors of the fresh foods proved the vender to be a mechanical and artistic genius. The cows and goats are driven from door to door and deliver their milk in person to the purchaser.

The market has all kinds of supplies: laces, pottery, shoes, foods—all spread out on the ground. A merchant seems to have his entire stock within a four-foot square.

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*Seville, May 31.*

Four hours' ride brought us from Cadiz. On each side of the track, for miles out of Cadiz, the ground is covered with trenches. In the far distance we saw what we supposed to be the white tents of a soldiers' camp; but when we approached we found them to be pyramids of salt. Men were chopping out pieces with axes.

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The trenches were for evaporating the sea water.

The higher ground, for miles and miles, is in olive orchards. Frequently we passed bare fields where funnel shaped piles of red earth, like chocolate ice-cream, formed rows in every direction. Those we learned, covered the stumps of olive trees; this care renews their fruitfulness.

For railroad fences, the long leafed cactus is planted. At every wagon-road crossing, a woman was holding a chain across the road as we passed. We soon came to her humble dwelling, and there was always a washing hung on her cactus fence.

Leonard and I were in the compartment with three—I was going to say foreigners, but we were the foreigners—a Spanish gentleman, and the French minister to Tangiers and his wife. I remembered the Frenchman's face—I had seen him riding a beautiful dappled gray horse in Tangiers, and my mule driver told me who



he was. At the first station, he bought a bag of boiled shrimps, and urged us to partake—the motion explaining the language. We did; but what could we land-lubbers do with those shelled fishes with heads and tails defying all ingress! Our host laughed at our dilemma and showed us how to remove the delicate armor and find the luscious morsel.

When the train stops, a counter on wheels, passes the car windows. From it you may buy fruits and drinks. Yes, more! Even live chickens! From another, a cart that looks like a clothes-horse on wheels, you may rent a pillow. There are no porters or peddlers as on our trains.

At every station a company of gentlemen and ladies were waiting to greet our French fellow traveler and his wife, and bid them "God Speed." Many other passengers stepped out to walk about during the five minutes stop. Then the bell rang, or a horn blew, passengers took

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their seats, guards fastened the doors, and we were off—without any whistle or sizzle.

Soon the Spaniard, with eyes dancing, pointed out the window shouting “Torros, torros!” True, we were passing a field where a great herd of long, sharp horned black bulls were grazing. We smiled and nodded “I understand.” But we wanted to give him a thundering oration on that cruel pastime of his nation.

This hotel is so beautiful. It is built around three gardens of palms and vines and playing fountains. The floors and stairs are of marble—so cool and clean. But, oh! it is such a labyrinth, and no one but the hall porter in the office can understand English and direct you to your room, which is always on the other side of some other court.

Before breakfast we were out for a walk, down the street of the Serpent, passing men’s clubs and beautiful homes. One that was most attractive was the house of a bull-fighter’s wid-

ow. He had been a reckless man, and was hurt many times, and at last killed by his would-be victim. The heads of all the bulls that had injured him, were mounted and hung on the walls of the entrance, all around the court (where they seemed inharmonious with the restful freshness of trees and flowers and playing fountain), and, more appropriately, in the stables where the sleek horses stood at their stalls. We found the town hall where hangs an immense painting of the Emperor of Morocco handing the keys to O'Donnell, an Irish leader of Spanish troops, who captured Tetuan about a hundred years ago.

After breakfast, the Pillars of Hercules, where thirty-four thousand people were burned during the Inquisition, better prepared us to see the twenty unfortunate horses standing in the bull-ring, waiting for tomorrow's gory death. Not even the auctioning of their hot flesh to the hungry poor, as is done with the murder-

## Foreign Flashlights

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ed bull, can excuse the horse's torture. A surgical room finished in white tiled walls and ceiling, and equiped with shining instruments, awaits the use of an injured matedor; and an exquisite chapel is next it, where he may receive the last sacrament.

The walls of this city were built of mud by the Moors about 900. Ten centuries, instead of wasting them away, have only made them more enduring, for now they seem to be one solid rock. One of the street sights is a tiny burro, pulling a wagon loaded to the verge of tipping with cork. The trees are native here. The cork is their bark and is shed every seven years. Man aids by cutting the bark down opposite sides and around the top and bottom of the trunk and the large branches. An old tree is a very gnarly sight for the "joints" are so large. The railroad tracks are bordered with piles of cork bark as we see lumber piled in our country. But when I saw these burros hauling

their loads along the banks of the Guadalquivir, I wished they would jump in, and let the cork carry them. Great loads of yellow straw looked like enormous turtles walking along the country roads. They, too, had two pairs of legs that certainly belonged to a burro, just visible underneath.

But back to Seville: The Alcazaris, the wonderful Moorish masterpiece of this city. It was used by Charles V. and has his coat of arms in many rooms. But he did not mar the Arabic writing repeated millions of times around the doors and windows "There is no other conqueror but God." The children's nursery, too, is just as the Sultan's children played there, with the playing of the fountain to make music for them. But the garden is the most beautiful with its palms and orange trees. One orange tree bearing fresh green leaves, was planted by Peter, the Cruel, six hundred years ago.

The House of Pilate is interesting if it is a

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replica of Pilate's house, as the Duke of Medina, its builder, claimed for it. It is used, now, for a dormitory during Holy Week, when the city is full of pilgrims. Speaking of Holy Week, reminds me of the celebration here at Corpus Christi. In this city only, on all the earth, a sacred dance is a part of the worship, three times during the year. Little boys in Philip III. costume, of white and red, with plumes hanging from their hats, play castanets and sing while they step with the orchestral music as if dancing a minuet. All this was within the iron railing that encloses the altar and organ, which occupies the middle of the cathedral. The archbishop and forty priests conducted the service which preceded the dance. The congregation knelt. A long sermon followed, and was listened to attentively by the men standing erect, and the women, in black dress and mantilla, sitting on the bare marble floor, or on chairs they had carried with them; for

there are no pews in the churches. Murillo's St. Anthony is the gem among the paintings of this magnificent structure, for the church is an architectual masterpiece. Adjoining the cathedral is a square pile of stone towering three hundred feet above the city. It was built by the Moors for the priest's call to prayer. The Spaniards have added enough structure to support twenty-five bells which blend so sweetly that they did not seem loud even when we were in the height of the tower. The ascent is made by an inclined plane which follows the four sides of the tower. It really is an easy climb, and your shoes do not grow too short when you are coming down.

A few steps bring you to the Murillo museum. One long room is devoted to his paintings. The best known are the Concepcion and the Madonna of the Napkin. There are some queer paintings on boards in another room. One of Christ rescuing souls from Purgatory, which

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is symbolized by a tiger's mouth. It is a nightmare! Then there is a collection of Roman sculptures unearthed in Italica only a few years ago. A Diana of the Hunt has only the hands missing. There are relics of the Visigoths here, too. This is an old world! Yesterday, when I saw the tomb of Columbus in the cathedral, borne by the four women (they represent Castile, "What an infant I am." Today, I see these Roman carvings and think "What an infant tile, Arragon, Leon and Navarre), I thought Columbus was!"

Sunday night, 11 p. m.—We have just been for a walk on the plaza, where all the people are out having a good time. The water carrier is busy selling drinks from the bag on his neck. News boys (of sixty surely) are crying extras that tell of the bull fight in Madrid. But best of all, the little girls are dancing such a pretty game, something like King William. Each one has a pair of castanets which she knows how to



use, and she swings her feet and tosses her head with the most easy grace while she joins all the others in song.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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### THE MOSQUE AND ALHAMBRA

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*Cordova, June 4, 1907.*

I am sitting in the writing room of the Suisse hotel looking out upon a court of flowers. The gardener has just called me to hand me a pink rose which I have put in my hair. The air is cool and balmy, but there is one drawback to perfect harmony—that is a blind-folded mule hitched to a pole and made to tramp round and round all day long to pump water to supply this hotel. We saw several such contrivances (well, man and mule) near Seville for irrigating the gardens. It seems hard on the poor blinded beast.

The four hour ride from Seville here yesterday passed less wearily than in our humid climate. It was hot, but so dry we did not notice it much, and were diverted part of the way by

## The Mosque and Alhambra

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a Spaniard who thrust himself into our compartment as we pulled out of the station. As we could not understand him, he showed Leonard a newspaper, pointing to the words, "Bandito Murderetto." Leonard met him again in the evening and learned thro' an interpreter that a bandit, who had defied the authorities for two years, had just been captured and murdered. Our fellow traveler was rejoicing with the nation.

As soon as we reached the hotel, we rushed for a drink out of the earthen bottles that stand about everywhere. What was our surprise to find the water so cool! It was the first cool drink without ice since leaving America. The vessel is so porous that the soup plate placed beneath is full of water.

I realize that the newness is wearing off. I did not jump out of bed every few minutes when I heard passers all night, to see how they looked; whether the burro was carrying a house

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or a brickyard; whether he was driven with a bridle, or by pulling an ear to guide, or pulling the tail to stop the beast as they do in Tangiers—and throughout Spain as far as we have seen. When I heard a bell and the clatter of little feet this morning, I knew it was a herd of goats being driven to the consumers' homes to be milked. When we went to walk after nine last night, we passed a drove of Nannies delivering their milk in person.

2 p. m.—It is delightfully cool here in the writing room and blistering hot in the sun. Dwight thinks the foot washing custom among orientals is most sensible—nothing else could make one so comfortable. There is a fountain—or more than one—outside these old mosques, where the Mohammedans bathed before entering to worship. The mosque here was built in the seventh century—a marvel of beauty—eighteen thousand pillars support double arches. The pillars were brought here

## **The Mosque and Alhambra**

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by the Arabs from the Byzantine empire. They differ in detail—it is said there are no two alike—but have the same effect as you look to the front, to the right, to the left, and so on. The capitals are similar to the Corinthian. The arches are of red and white stone, the ceiling is carved and inlaid cedar. There is beautiful lacey carving in alabaster around the doorways, and exquisite mosaics with every possible pattern are used. The architects came from Egypt and Persia. One circular domed chapel is still intact. We noticed the worn path in the marble floor made by the bare footed worshippers as they circled the room reading the inscription on the wall, “There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet.” The mosaic work here, wherever the original has been revealed, is the finest of any public building. Our courier held a candle on a long pole so we could see the coloring and workmanship. Surely they were a rarely gifted people.

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When the Mohammedans lost power and the Christians over-ruled the land, it was sad for Moorish art. The Catholics built a cathedral in the midst of the great expanse, spoiling the symmetry made by the continuous columns. This cathedral seems out of place. The choir is very rarely beautiful of itself; carvings in high relief from the life of Christ and the old testament are on each seat. The treasury has jeweled chalices and crosses in many designs to be used in service. So rich are these jewels that they were stolen in war time, but have since been replaced. There were many black slabs of marble marking the burial places of the judges of the inquisition. I trust the color was selected to signify condemnation.

We walked from the mosque out on an old Roman bridge over the Guadalquivir, built in thirty-seven B. C. and still in good condition. The Arabs built a fort on the far end of the bridge.

## **The Mosque and Alhambra**

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Returning to the hotel, we passed a large stone building whose only visible entrance was an opening a foot square on a level with the pavement. A bell rope was there to call the porter. Those who enter there are the babies who have no other home awaiting them. Within are the good sisters of charity who devote their lives to these innocent weelings.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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### THE ALHAMBRA

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*Granada, June 6, 1907.*

A day spent on the cars, leaving Cordova at six—a two hours' wait at Bobbadilla, and we arrived here at four-thirty. The ride was thro' beautiful country. Still the olive groves, fields of grain, and the snow topped Sierra Nevadas in sight the last few hours of the way. The drive from the station to the Washington Irving hotel thro' a dense elm forest, six hundred feet above the town, was the most restful experience, after spending ten days in a white, treeless country. This forest is said to have been planted by the Duke of Wellington. He aided the Spaniards and was given miles and miles of territory in this region in return. These trees are only a few feet apart and tower high up the mountain side before the branches interlace, forming a bower everywhere. They are



## The Alhambra

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hung with red and yellow (Spanish colors) electric light globes at night. The cascade falling down the mountain side glitters over the colored lights. It is truly like fairyland.

floor of vines. The rooms below open upon a

The Washington Irving is a quaint hotel.

There are no door-knobs, but old-fashioned latches. The door hinges are metal caps like those used to put out a candle. They swing upon a bent metal pin that is fastened to the door-jamb. Our window looks out upon a level garden where fountains play. We cross the street three times a day to sit at a long table spread under one of the many bowers, made by the Duke of Wellington's elms.

We walked to the Alhambra, or red palace, this morning. This was the summer palace of the Sultan, and is a series of pilliared courts and exquisite lacey wall decorations, with fountains or baths in every room—always running water. At the entrance, the gate of justice has

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the open palm outlined on the keystone to symbolize fair dealings. In the court of myrtles, gold fish were swimming in the big open square of water. The mosaic tiling and inlaid ceiling of pearl and cut steele show wonderful designs, and skill in carrying them out. Here, as everywhere, the Catholic kings have left their mark—plastering over the work of the Moors because they were infidels. The paintings ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella and the boudoir for her, are graceless in comparison with the work of the Moors.

It is an interesting fact, that, where the Catherdals stand, the mosques stood before them, and the Roman temples dedicated to pagan gods stood first. The ground evidently is set apart as a place of worship.

We stood on the spot where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus after his first voyage—for the Alhambra was captured January 2, 1492, and used by the Spanish for a royal

## The Alhambra

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palace after that time. And until this day, on the 2nd of January, the people worship before an altar erected at that time, and the maidens ring a bell all day long and dance on the watch tower so they may marry within the year. This watch tower gives a sweeping view of the surrounding country. It is fully fifty feet square, and, in Moorish times, a fire was built on it to signal to friends when the foe molested. The towers of the Infantas and the Sultana are beautiful prisons indeed, and so high you would think escape impossible, but it wasn't. (Read Washington Irving's "Alhambra.")

The same exquisite carvings and Moorish arches are in the Generaliffe. And the grounds are a work of art—terrace upon terrace with every design in well trimmed box, and quantities of running water and pools of gold fish. We climbed to the tower; it made the Alhambra watch tower look low; and when we reached it, we saw way above us, the ruin of another tow-

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er built for protection from the common enemy —man. How they ever ascended such steepes with stone and mortar! But the view! It was so beautiful looking over the valley, and across to the snow covered Sierras!

Coming home we met a funeral procession. Four boys were carrying a baby a year old in an open pine box. The child was imbedded and bedecked with flowers and crowned with an artificial wreath of orange blossoms. The box swung on two long towels. Eight men followed in the procession. There were no women.

Of another period in history is the Cartuja Cenvent which contains horrible pictures representing the torture of the Catholics in England during the reign of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. A wonderful echo is heard in the Refectory, and a painting there of a cross is so realistic that birds are said to fly in the window to light on the nails painted in it. The Sacristy in this building is very beautiful. The walls

## The Alhambra

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are of Sierra marble as exquisite as fine mosaic in white, chocolate and touches of blue. The doors of this room are ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. The floor is inlaid marble. One lone monk occupies the building now since the order has been suppressed, and with it, the secret of making the famous Chartreuse wines. Beggars swarmed around the door and followed our carriage.

We passed the gypsy quarters—veritable dwellings in the sides of the mountain. But the caves were dug out by the Moors centuries ago, when this was a flourishing city of five hundred thousand, before its surrender to Ferdinand and Isabella. The gypsies ran by the carriage begging us to buy trinkets of polished brass. At last the guards, who had walked beside us throughout the gypsy region, drove them off.

The police system in Spain is thorough. We noticed police armed with revolver and sword patrolling the plaza during the band concert

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at Cordova. From two to six armed soldiers of at least eight years service ride on every train to guard the passengers. This beautiful, fairy-like park is studded with white cockaded, mounted guards and myriads of foot soldiers; and on our drive the soldiers walked several miles by our side.

We shall be sorry to leave the Alhambra. Spain seems very near to us when we think how Christopher Columbus discovered us, and Washington Irving discovered its greatest treasure. The Alhambra covers 2678 by 730 feet of ground and the walls are about six feet thick and thirty feet high. The elevation is 2600 feet above the sea. I can not conceive a height where more restful, beautiful views abound. Tomorrow morning when we are rising at five o'clock to make an early train, the Alhambra bell will ring, as it does every morning, to tell all the people that the irrigating trenches are open to freshen the land. This water system is an-

## The Alhambra

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other of the wonderful works of the Moors. The water here is so pure and there are many great wells—even on the highest elevation. On the Catholic birthday here—January second—one of the celebrations is to clean out the enormous cistern of the Alhambra, one hundred and fifty feet across. This cistern too, was built by the Moors.

From Granada to Ronda was a cool ride in a saloon car, which made it possible for our entire party of fifteen to be together. The car is divided into two connecting rooms with seats around the walls, and a long table down the middle of each. You look out of the window opposite you, and hold on to the table to keep from sliding off the seat, which is too high for any but the longest limbed to reach the floor. In the corridor cars, where compartments are reserved for senoras, a man is fined two pesetas if he is found in such a compartment, even tho'

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he is talking to his own wife. A guard walks on the outside of the car.

Ronda was the victim of an earthquake in some remote past, and the scar—a chasm three hundred fifty feet deep—is a vivid reminder of it. But the Romans bridged it over, and the citizens accept all past history without a quiver of appreciation—to judge from their countenances. Why, I, myself bargained for some lace at the market, which is a mere place on the ground, under the shade of some wall—I say, I bought this lace quite forgetting the earthquake and the Romans.

An old coleseum, all built of stone, is no longer useful in that capacity, but is considered a very good bull-ring. The mosque has been appropriated, too, and added to, and is now a cathedral. Thus do three words, coleseum, mosque, bull-ring embody the political history of that now almost unknown city.

Like all Spain, this obscure town is awake



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to the possible needs of the king. A company of about five hundred soldiers passed to martial music, on their way to mass. We followed. It was a sight to see so large a body of men kneeling in worship, and standing in attention to the sermon. A common sight here is the women scrubbing. They kneel in a box that has two side removed. We have not been in a cobwebby or dusty spot in all these palaces. The floors and stairs are scrubbed every day and "every day" includes Sunday. As we walked thro' the streets we saw every kind of work of the day before—women scrubbing the pavements at the entrance to the court of the house, or frying doughnuts on the streets, or selling vegetables and laces. Men were sawing boards and sewing harness. And in the fields were the harvesters—as many as forty in a group, using the hand sickle to gather the grain. They leave their homes in the villages and camp in the fields (for there are few farm

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houses) until the task is finished. Their pay is twenty-five cents a day, and they board themselves.

The region between Ronda and Algeciras is one of the most beautiful! Much of the way, our train hugged the mountain side following the course of the Guadiara river. Its banks were bordered with small palms and luxuriant oleanders in full bloom. There were a few thatched huts scattered miles apart and seeming to hide in friendly curves of the hillside.

We went from Algeciras to Gibraltar across the five-mile stretch of water in a little steamer. It seemed good to see the old rock again. The streets have grown wider and the cooking is better than it was two weeks ago.

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## SOUTHERN ITALY

*Prinzess Irene.—North German Lloyd.*

We stood and watched the old rock as we

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steamed away, and recalled the sensations of entering the fort, seeing the picturesque Moors and the patient back-laden burros for the first time, and the beautiful drives everywhere. As we came into the Mediterranean, the familiar picture of the rock presented itself. The real British lion!

On Tuesday night, the promenade deck was a picture of colored lights and flags of all nations, and pretty girls in prettier dresses, and the band played and we whirled to the music. Leonard was not afraid to dance in the glare of the improvised ball-room—instead of on the dark deck below as we did on the *Konig Albert*. Last night at dinner a concert was announced for the Sailors' widows and orphans to be given at 9 o'clock. It was very impromptu, but the talent of the passengers filled two hours with most excellent productions. Miss Marie Bissell of New York sang several numbers; Mrs. Dampman of Reading, Pa. gave a part of a very

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fine lecture on Rome. It was most instructive and the language as beautiful as grand music. A lady read a poem "Drifting, My Soul To-lifting program, the Chairman, Madam Cap-day is Far Away," etc. To close this most up-piani of New York, a woman of most unique and commanding presence, told us of a trip in a balloon way above the tree tops in Milan. She weighs two hundred pounds and has a heavy voice added to that, but in spite of it all, this basket into which she accidentally stepped, lifted her—or in her own words, "the earth went down from her." It was very graphic and her audience were shouting with laughter at her tale of distress, as she, in mimicry, held to the ropes and careened in the wind which blew her about. The collection was over \$100.00.

If I could keep time to the music with my pen, you would receive a good marching letter, for this is the hour of the morning concert. The bugler on this steamer plays a very sweet

melody to call us to our meals. On the Konig Albert it was the usual trumpet call only.

We are crossing the southern shore of Sardinia—have been since early this morning. It is a big island in the Mediterrean, if not on the map. The southern shores are not cultivated, but look rocky and barren.

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*Naples—Hotel De Loudres, June 14, 1907.*

If I were to tell all about the Captain's dinner last night, it would fill many pages—so you must picture the flags, bonbons, tiny boats with sailors on them, coat of arms of different nations. Then think of the guests in their very best clothes bedecked with caps and flags of every variety, and after the feast, the darkened room and parade with the illuminated ice cream—the clapping and laughing and playfulness as of little children among the guests. After it, another dance filled the last night on board.

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This morning, we were on deck at four o'clock to see the Bay of Naples as we entered it. Vesuvius is not the perfect cone of the familiar pictures. That is explained by the loss of eight hundred feet which fell into the crater in April of 1906; when there was an eruption that killed five hundred people.

There was a long wait in embarking, but everything was interesting—not least of which was the lifting the trunks from the steamer—eleven at a time—and swinging them into flat boats. Three steamers came in this morning. There was truly an invasion of Americans. After dodging trunks on men's shoulders with our heads, and empty trucks with our feet, and buying a cameo of a station boy; we were taken in carriages to the museum. We kept our eyes open—reading every sign and translating by the aid of the window display, studying faces and costumes. The most unique thing is the ornament on the harness of the horses.

A silver or nickle harp, cupid, horse, dog, goat, or any other design, sometimes a foot high, is fastened to the saddle of the back band. When it rains—as it did this morning—the driver takes off his coat to protect his harness, and he, himself, gets wet. The commonest vehicle is a flat cart from six to fifteen feet long balanced on two wheels eight feet in diameter. The load is balanced to a nicety to keep from lifting the dwarfed mule off the ground. Oxen and small horses are hitched together to some carts. One horn of the ox is sawed off to keep from stabbing the horse.

The museum contains collections from Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneun, which had been buried for hundreds, almost thousands of years. The frescoes, mosaics, pottery, bronze lamps, horse-shoes, fish hooks, braziers, and statues from Pompeii better prepared us for the visit to that city in the afternoon. But nothing except a walk through the streets, could take

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us back those eighteen centuries to the city of chariots and drinking fountains whose story is told in stones worn by wheel and hand and lip. The Pompeian red has not lost its richness in all these years. The frescoes delight the eye in form and color. The designs in themselves tell the story of a playful people in their dancing nymphs. Many activities are read in these beautiful wall decorations—racing, gathering grapes, compounding chemicals, weaving cloth, sacrificing the bull to Apollo, etc. The mosaic floors are as exquisite in design and in as good preservation as if they had been made only yesterday. The dog in the vestibule of the tragic poet is really startling to come upon, so real is he. There he is chained in black and white mosaic, but he looks as if he would like to chew you up. In the museum are the casts that have been made by pouring plaster into the ashen sepulchre of the bodies. A dog in writhing agony seemed more awful



than the people.

We went to the Arcade this evening. It is four blocks of store buildings arched over and paved like a great mansion. Our bedroom floor here is of hexagonal tile without rugs except by the beds. This too, is a beautiful hotel. A notice in four languages invites guests to make suggestions to the managers whereby they may improve in any way in the service, or in pleasing the guests. I might tell them the elevator is small, but I shan't.

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*Mt. Vesuvius.—June 15, 1907.*

We had a most interesting six mile drive thro' the old town of Naples (1050 B. C.) to the train that carried us up the mountain. The people live in the streets. They were boiling potatoes, frying doughnuts, rolling chocolate, hanging out washing along the walls of the houses, and across the pavement, and combing

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their hair. Many, many were inspecting scalps. And as we drove thro' all this, we could often peep thro' a vestibule to a beautiful court of flowers and palms which are in the homes of the rich, while the rooms on the outside of the house—on the street, are used by the much less favored.

The ascent up Vesuvius is made by cog railway. On either, and sometimes both sides of the track is the mud thrown out last year. For eleven days the mud poured out of the crater, partially burying a village. The valley down which it flowed has been walled across with twenty-five or thirty high stone embankments, to keep the mud from being washed down upon the village below with every rain. The soil is very fertile and not a weed did we see, but acres and acres of gardens where figs, grapes, corn, beans, potatoes, tomatoes were planted with such precision and economy of space, that the black soil is scarcely visible. We lunched upon

the mountain at the upper terminal of the railway above the clouds, and had the most luscious fresh oranges served on the branches, and black cherries three inches in diameter. I brought home the cherry pits. Mr. Lewis asked me how we could raise them in our climate. I told him Leonard had some of the lava in his pocket, and I would take the sunshine in my heart, so we hoped they would grow.

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*Rome.—June 16, 1907.*

At midnight, last night, we were walking across a broad, well paved, and brilliantly lighted street from the station to our hotel. I thought to myself "How like going across Michigan avenue from the Illinois Central to the Auditorium."

A smiling little maid in black dress, white cap and apron stood in our hall to show us the room. It was well prepared with fresh drink-

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ing water, hot and cold water for bathing, and three kinds of bowls (two wash bowls, two foot tubs, and two sitz tubs) to bathe in. A variety of stationery, new pens and a cleaned, filled ink well were upon a beautiful table of inlaid woods. All the English the maid knew was, "Is there anything you want?" and "Good-night." Our bed was worthy of the Caesars, it was so roomy and elegant. Carved mahogany, with pineapples for the posts, and Donatello (as to ears) grinning from the footboard. It takes an athlete to jump into any of these beds, they are so high. A brown tile stove with an open front and real iron dogs was ready for a little fire.

We went to St. Peter's to mass this morning. It was well to go there when we could stroll and study the architecture, sculpture and paintings for it is so immense—covers two hundred forty thousand square feet. The mosaic of a quill pen in the hand of St. Luke

is seven feet long, but every detail is so well proportioned it looks only seven inches. The paintings are mosaics, we learned in the lecture. Dr. Russell Forbes gave us four lectures. He reminds me of Uncle Frank in appearance. He is the best living authority on Roman history. The first morning we walked around and over the Palatine Hill, Rome's birthplace, and he told us of every inch of ground—and perhaps each had layers of history three tiers deep, one emperor built on top of another so often.

Delicate ferns grow in the house of Nero's grandmother, wherever a globule of earth finds a lodging. The walls are still beautiful with frescoes of winged victories, and festoons of fruit. A panel shows Juno and Argus watching the disdainful Io and the clever Mercury who is bringing a message from Jupiter. The walls are polished like a piano. The dry coloring was rubbed into the fresh (damp) plastering with

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the fingers—hence the word “frescoe,” fresh color.

From there we looked out over the hill to the dome of St. Peter’s—that masterpiece Michelangelo—and down on the Forum; and heard one story crowding upon another, from the Rape of the Sabines to the latest excavations. In the forenoon we went to St. Peter’s with him and stood on the stone where Charlemagne was crowned and the church honors are still given. All the monumental tombs were explained to us. The Apollo Belvedere is the model of an angel on one, and many of them have Minerva as a guardian angel. He told us of the washing of hands as a ceremony before and after business transactions and likened it to the symbolic use of holy water. He called our attention to the origin of the words “basilica,” “nave” and “aisle,” and explained how an overturned boat suggested the style of the early public buildings.

The next morning we went to the Vatican, that palace of eleven thousand rooms. Of course, we passed millions of beautiful things and stopped only at the masterpieces. The living, present feature is the Michel-angelo—designed costume of the Swiss guards. Such a brilliant coloring of yellow and dark red and black! The Sistine chapel is more than I could have dreamed of. A perfectly flat roof, but arched in effect by the painting. The arches look as if supported by the shoulders of the prophets! The panels are of the Creation—I shall not forget two: in one God is giving life to Adam with a spark from his finger, and the other is of Eve kneeling to God in adoration. The last Judgment—sixty-four feet across—is a strange conception. The Christ has the face of strength rather than love, and his body is muscular. It is copied from the torso of Hercules which Angelo claimed to have been his teacher. The dead rise from the graves in the

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left lower corner, and pass up on that side. Christ stands in the center and judges. The just ascend on the right; the unjust go down into hell in the right corner. The biggest man down there is a portrait of the Pope's Chancellor, who criticized Michelangelo's figures because they were nude. Michelangelo said we go to judgment without any covering, but he covered parts of that portrait that coils of a serpent and put ass's ears on him.

So many of the paintings have portraits in them. We saw portraits of Raphael at fifteen as a sleeping guard, at eighteen, twenty-one and thirty-six in the paintings where he needed many faces. Other famous men too, Dante, Savonarola, etc. Raphael's transfiguration, Madonna di Foligni and Domenichino's St. Jerome are in the same room—the masterpieces of Rome! The Liberation of St. Peter, by Raphael, over and on each side of a window, is so real that the prison barred painted win-



dow seems as if it must be a continuation of the real one. The lights, the torches, the moon in first quarter, and the radiant holiness of the angels give wonderful effect. As Carl Justi says, those holys pictures have a "gift of language intelligible to all times and peoples, to all classes, and even to aliens to the "faith."

The Mother Church, S. S. Giovanni in Laterano is the shape of the Maltese Cross. The court, once a part of an old monastery, is surrounded by twisted mosaic columns that support the inner roof. The old chair used for the Pope's coronation is in this court, and a beautiful new one in mosaic is in the cathedral. It is very new, for the Pope is a prisoner of the Vatican and cannot use it. The papal pulpit has not been used since Pius IX. A mosaic over the new papal chair is an allegorical study. A tree with four rivers (the Gospels) flowing from it, lambs drinking from the stream, and the dove whose light falls upon the face

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of the Savior. This is the second representation of Christ. The first is "uncomely" according to Isaiah; so this was to be more beautiful, and it is a face of strong sympathy and beauty. It is so high and there are no seats (as it is in all the churches) so there are difficulties in studying it even if we had the time.

Outside the church stands an obelisk captured from Anthony and Cleopatra, at the battle of Actium. It dated from Rameses II and was a land mark for Moses! A short drive brought us to Pontius Pilate's Palace the Scala Sancta, up which Christ walked and was scourged; and upon which Martin Luther kneeled and heard the voice which led to the reformation. Two people were kneeling from step to step—saying a prayer on each and kissing the floor at the top. This gives them a thousand years out of Purgatory.

The baths of Caracalla demonstrate the spacious elegance of ancient Rome, with its

gymnasia and baths to accomodate sixteen hundred at one time, and its halls for music, poetry and philosophy. On the floors are still patches of red and green porphory in nautilus pattern, and the niches in the walls need only a mental picture to be filled with statuary.

So, too, must the mind's eye fill the arches of the coliseum with graceful figures in marble; must cover its dull brick walls with marble veneering, and top it with a sheltering roof of gay awnings manned by one thousand sailors; must fill its seats with eighty-seven thousand of the beauty and valor of Rome who clap their hands to approve the cruel victor, who, with his opponent, has seemed to spring out of the very ground by way of secret elevators. One time this victor was Commodius, who killed one hundred lions with one hundred javelins. And the last victim was a monk, Telemachus, who rushed into the arena, and plead with the people to cease their cruelty—and they

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stoned him, as others had stoned St. Stephen. But the emperor was moved and there was never another butchery.

My dear little daughter:

We have been this morning, walking around and over the original Rome, a square one and one-quarter miles around. Aunt Lucy will tell you the story of the wolf in the picture. Dr. Russell Forbes, who took us about this morning, told us Romulus and Remus were put in a basket and thrown into a branch of the Tiber. They were found by a shepherd and nursed by Luper, his wife, but her name was the same as the word for wolf, so legend has it that a wolf nursed them. We went thro' houses built one on top of another, for they had flat roofs and one roof would make the next floor. Seven hundred fifty-three years before Christ seems a long time ago, but those walls are firm.

Dr. Forbes told us how the geese cackled and

saved Rome, and no goose is ever sold for food to this day. Don't you think your pet hens, Kate and Duplicate would be glad to bequeath such a safeguard to all their chickens?

We were at St. Peter's Cathedral yesterday and saw his statue. It is black. It is placed out in the main aisle where every one passes it. And most people stop to rub the big toe with their sleeve. The statue is just high enough for me to reach it with my mouth, and many people lifted their children up to kiss it. The toe is more than half worn away with all the devotion of the people.

Mrs. Lewis has just brought in a magnolia surely ten inches across and so fragrant! I wish you could see it! She gave me a cameo bracelet, which I have on. We had been shopping for Roman pearls and scarfs. The Roman pearl shop invited visitors, and we watched the girls cut the beads out of a piece of alabaster, cool them and dip them on a knitting

## Foreign Flashlights

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needle into a paste of whatever color desired. The best ones are dipped twenty times and are superb.

beauty. It is so high and there are no seats

In the afternoon, Leonard took Mrs. Lewis and me a beautiful drive thro' the Borghese gardens and over the Pincian Hill where we can see the city in panorama. It was a beautiful and restful drive and statues of Victor Hugo and Goethe make one think Rome is not so old—but they were the exception—everywhere were broken pieces of architecture and statuary. There is an interesting water clock, where the dripping from the fountain makes the pendulum swing from side to side. The water falls into a boat with a dividing wall. When one end of the boat is full, it tips and the other end catches the water until it is full and tips, that is the regulator.

I feel that our stay here has been a mere taste. It would take a year, I am sure, to be

familiar with all the history and legend that every corner is full of. The exteriors are very ugly, many of them, but the churches on the inside are faced with beautiful marbles in panel work—exquisite mosaics that are so fine the stones can not be seen even with good lenses.

After such a day saturated with history, we went to the opera last evening to hear the Barber of Seville, and Pagliacci. The opera house seemed small. The orchestra numbered more than forty pieces and played as one instrument under a very enthusiastic leader. We enjoyed both operas—the contadini were not powdered or painted nor corseted, but looked as natural as they are, and no prettier. The singing was excellent. The stalls, as they are called, corresponding to our boxes and balconies, are in four tiers straight up from the floor instead of receding balconies. The best dressed people sat in them.

This morning we climbed flight upon flight of

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stairs thro' an open court to St. Peter in Chains, where we found Michelangelo's famous Moses. We sat and looked at the strength and decision in every line, the softness of the long beard held in by the finger—the left foot ready to lift the body and speak his message or decree. I do not wonder the sculptor slapped him on the knee and said, "Speak!"

Then we took a carriage and drove to the Fountain of Trevi—and drank from our hand and threw the penny into the fountain with our faces turned away and scrambled over rocks so we couldn't even get a peep at the fountain and drove away. All this brings us again to this mother city.

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### NORTHERN ITALY.

*June 21, 1907.*

Six hours ride over and under green hills, by fields of ripened grain where many men were using the sickle, past vineyards where vine and



tree are planted in the same spot, and the vine reaching to the top of the low tree, is festooned from tree to tree, making a field of garlands, past the beautiful lake Trasimeno, whose castled island is so imposing—and all the cheerful company of happy people, eating cherries that would shame America—six hours of such good humor that they seemed as one, brought us from Rome to Florence.

Our window looks out upon a street and across it into the other windows and shops where statuary abounds. Virginia's room looks out upon the Arno, which was beautiful last night in the moonlight. I looked up and down to see Tito swimming in a race for his life, but there was nothing but the quivering moonlight upon the waves.

Today we crossed the river several times in our drive past Dante's birthplace and the house where Elizabeth B. Browning departed this life. A tablet commemorates each revered

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home, and the courier points with pride to these names so much loved the world over.

But the church of Santa Croce is richest in memorials to genius. Michelangelo's tomb and Galileo's are on opposite sides at the entrance of the church, and the tombs of Machiavelli, Rossini, Cherubini, and many other illustrious men, border the walls. Memorials to Dante and Amerigo Vespucci are here too. All are beautiful works of art. Several of them by Conova, and the Giotto pulpit is very beautiful. The frescoes are being uncovered. A white wash was coated over the walls after a plague when the sick had been harbored here.

The Duomo where Savonarola preached was what I wanted to see. I could better understand his freedom of speech when I saw how far from the altar his pulpit was hung—it is no longer used. The dome of the Duomo is frescoed with illustrations from Dante's Divine Comedy, and a small picture of the mountain

is on one side of the church. The floor is very beautiful with inlaid marble designed by Michelangelo. Giotto's Campanila is all that we read about—a poem in black and white marble. The Baptistry across the street is the same black and white stone. The doors would have interested me for hours, but we are truly playing tag in Florence, so I bought a picture postal of them and had to be content. We went to the old palace—the town hall—built by Savonarola, and in whose tower he was imprisoned forty days, and just outside of which he was burned at the stake. It seemed the irony of fate that in the very hall of the very city where he would have justice and charity abound—he must suffer for the injustice and cruelty of his fellow citizens.

In the Uffizi gallery we saw many, many beautiful paintings. The adoration of the Virgin by Correggio, and another of the Shepherds were my choice. There were many copyists in the gallery doing very good work. Two

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of them were nuns.

By the way, I saw a company of dominoed men crossing the Ponte Vecchio—nothing visible but their eyes. This order is composed of men in the ordinary walks of life who have taken a vow to be ready to aid the needy at a moment's call. An elderly American lady of our party told us she had been cared for by them. A kick from a horse caused her to fall upon the street. She awakened from unconsciousness in a hospital with one of this order sitting at her bedside, waiting to serve her in any way possible. These dominoed men reminded me that in Naples, we saw a man with a full horse's tail on the top of his hat, and several with great bunches of dozens of rooster's tails on theirs, but the black dominoes were the most conspicuous of all.

This afternoon, we took a most beautiful drive to Bello Sguardo, a high point where the Arno and Florence spread out before you in the for-

est to the tomb of an Indian Prince. After the drive we went to the Ponte Vecchio, which is bordered with jewelry shops. No museum could be more interesting than an antique shop there. The jewels indicated the lavish array in the days of old—necklaces, bracelets, brooches, and high combs all set with precious stones, form a set. They suggest Savonarola's bonfire of the vanities.

Virginia bought a necklace of ten large cameos, each illustrating a mythological tale. I found a cameo of Beatrice de Cenci, which I selected as my souvenir if this city of flowers, and which I shall always love for the sake of the poor girl whose story never grows old.

A modern art is a mosaic factory, which made us hold our breath with wonder at the skill. Table tops, wall pictures and jewelry were made of the pieces of stone so carefully selected for the color and so perfectly placed, that the eye denied that art could so well re-

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flect nature. A piece ordered by Tiffany was under way. Sixty thousand dollars was to be the price.

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*Venice.—June 23, 1907.*

An early breakfast in Florence, eight hours over and thro' the Appenines, and across the plains, and four miles on a trestle over the sea, and lunch at Venice. Much of the way, the track lay between fifty foot strips of land, separated by trenches with rows of trees growing on each side of the trench. As in Southern Italy, the trees were festooned with grapevines. A very pretty and must be a very old custom, for one of the frescoes in a Pompeian dining room is a copy of this.

A step into the gondola, and then an absolutely motionless glide thro' narrow canals, around sharp corners, under arched bridges, with never a touch against other gondolas that we meet and pass; and our gondolier standing on a platform

on the back, guides the boat to the step where we alight. In the Grand Canal were barges of freight boats; one so laden with black heads that it almost dipped the water. These freight men were singing to themselves as the guided along—the same inflections as those of the mule drivers in Tangiers, and the laborers in Spain and Southern Italy. Women were swimming in the back door-yards, and one old man sat on his step cooling his feet in the water. The little boys performed wonderful athletic stunts, revolving on hands and feet for a whole block, wherever there was a pavement along the water's edge. This was their way of earning an honest penny.

There was no lack of diversion all the way to the Royal Daniele—which hotel was to be our home for the next few days. The Daniele is composed of two old palaces, connected by a glass enclosed bridge over the canal. There was a little elevator that would carry three

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average weight or two large ladies up, and four down. So there was a constant "After you, my dear Alphonse," and "I prefer to walk upstairs, it will reduce my hips." After much parleying there would be a general scamper of all under sixty years and one hundred sixty pounds, up or down the great hydranga bordered stairway.

Our room is spacious and rich in handsome old mahogany. After lunch of the never failing omelet, we went to the lace factory and lace school; for lace making is taught here as arithmetic is at home. There are four thousand girls employed a day, with an average wage of one franc. Each girl has her specialty; some making the net, others the separate parts of the pattern. The price depends on the time it takes to make it, and that is increased by the fineness of the thread. A really beautiful bertha is priced at sixty dollars.

We live just beyond the prison, on the great



lagoon, so we must pass the Doge's palace and St. Mark's wherever we go. That seems, we must always stop going and coming to feed the pigeons. An old man sells cornicopias of shelled corn for a penny each. Every tourist buys, and stands in the broiling sun perfectly oblivious to all discomfort, because it is such fine fun to have four or six pigeons perched on your arms and fingers. "They" told us that the ancestors of these very pigeons brought the news of the surrender of Constantinople in 1202, so their progeny have been loved and cared for ever since. And now, the descendants of these news carriers are one of the most interesting features of this most interesting city.

And that word Constantinolpe explains the style of St. Marks, for it is very unlike any other house of worship. Its five gold and blue domes, its many colored marble columns, its four bronze horses suggest a very magnificent merry-go-round. Within are mosaics or rough

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glass against a background of gold. The marble floors are very uneven, due probably to the shifting sands far below.

We left a well attended service Sunday morning to feed the pigeons that are always welcoming strangers in the square. But before we had left the steps a man invited us to visit the glass works, which are opened to visitors until noon. Girls were making mosaic tops for jewel boxes, and the men were coiling melted glass around the heads of hat pins, rolling them into perfect oval, studding them with colored glass jewels, and tracing them with scrolls of gold. It was all done in a white flame of fire.

In the afternoon, Dwight invited us to go for a row (or a paddle) and stop at a beautiful garden. Did you know there was a garden in Venice? I was surprised to see an island large enough. But there we found walks and flowers, music and laughter, and the deep blue sea only a step away from everywhere.

It was raining in the evening. As we came from dinner, we heard singing in the large open court. It was a family of men and women who usually sing on the lagoon. To the accompaniment of a *bas viol* and three violins, they sang the entire opera of *Il Trovatore*. Their voices were so sweet and clear, and the expression so dramatic that only the stage setting was lacking. One of the women passed a plate, and received a few pennies from each of her hearers; but why aren't they in America receiving those pennies' weight in gold?

Monday morning was devoted to the Doge's palace after a float across the lagoon to San Salute. Our guide told us that on Nov. second a pontoon bridge is always built over to the church, so the people may cross and give thanks for their blessings—especially that of health—for the church was built as a thanks offering after a plague.

In the Doge's palace is the first map. It

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was made in 1495 by a monk who is buried on St. Michael's island. The map pictures Europe on the south, Asia on the west and Africa on the north. The rotundity of the Earth was not known then, but the boundary lines are remarkably like the maps of the present day.

There were paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, but these did not interest me (altho' one was one hundred fifty feet long) as did the talks on the political history of the city: the lion's mouth into which secret accusations against fellow citizens were passed to the Council of Ten or Three, as the case might require; the marriage of Doge to the Sea; the love and veneration for this elected ruler of the city whose term of office expired with his life.

Across the Bridge of Sighs is the dungeon into the passage, there is a single where Lord Byron spent twenty-four hours to imbibe the atmosphere for his poem. From the

six inch opening thro' a wall as thick. The passage, itself, is perfectly dark, so the slight change of air is the only benefit of the opening.

The lecture in the afternoon was the most perfect in its setting. We rested against luxurious cushions and glided over the water, five gondolas abreast. Our guide stood in the middle one, and pointed to the right and left, saying, "This is the home of Desdemona, a doge's daughter. Othello was not a Moor, but a dark skinned Venetian ." It was a narrow house, of the best Venetian architecture, on the grand canal near the open sea, or south lagoon. And again "This was the home that sheltered Robert Browning" or "Richard Wagner," or "Lord Byron," as the case might be. As we neared the Rialto, "We shall step out here, and walk thro' that dark street passing an old wine house that is the fabled home of Shylock. A few steps thro' the market will bring us to a

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small open square where Gobbo bends his marble neck to support a platform from which official announcements are made.”

The Rialto is a highly arched bridge with broad steps all the way over it, and on each step is a little shop. A walk from the bridge thro’ very narrow, very crooked streets to St. Mark’s passes, many shops where ready-made garments are sold, and twice as many whose doors and windows are hung with corals, glass beads and mosaic pins. An appropriate souvenir would be a brightly polished steel paper cutter patterned after the gondola head which looks like an ox and a key—as if it cleaved the way and turned the lock. It is a symbol of the past—way back in the days of Pepin of France.

Venice cannot be left without a moonlight evening on the water. The singers’ lighted gondola forms a nucleus for others out on the lagoon. We are bunched so closely the man passing the hat, steps easily from one gondola to

another, the voices are as smooth as the sea itself. The moonlight on the south scarcely dims the rows of the city's lights reflected many times in the water.

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*Milan—June 25, 1907.*

An early breakfast and a dreamy float in the gondolas and we were aboard the train for Milan. Another beautiful ride like the day before with the mountains of the Tyrol on our right and the beautiful lake Garda nestling against them. Then we came to fields of short stubby trees—cruelly trimmed, and were told these were mulberry trees for the silk worms. We missed the flowers—the oleander and poppy of Spain, and the poppy of southern Italy. The air is delightfully cool.

A drive this afternoon thro' the park to the cemetery, where we walked among the forest of mausoleums. There are very many bronze figures ("very pecurious" in the language of our local guide) and some very good ones rep-

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resenting the grief of those left behind. To hear a lecture every day by a foreigner is far from dull. Yesterday we saw "Europa horse-back-riding on the bull" in the Doge's palace. Another interesting picture there is Paul Veronese's "Last Judgment," in which he has painted his wife's face in Hell, Purgatory and Paradise.

Speaking of pictures, we went to see Leonardo di Vinci's "Last Supper" this afternoon. It is a fresco on the inside of an outside wall; and is badly damaged. Two copies of it, made by his pupils, are much more comprehensible.

If Leonardo had painted on glass with Bertini's colors, the tourist would not be disappointed. Bertini painted the windows of the Milan Cathedral. Worked on them forty years, and died in poverty. Those windows to this day—hundreds of years afterwards—are so beautiful you catch your breath in admiration at their coloring. The reds and blues are like the rich-



est velvets. The hail and wind of all these centuries have not broken them—nor the storm of wars. . Truly a wonderful preservation! And the setting for the windows is as it should be—a holy house. This is the cathedral of spires and statues. The structure is as beautiful as fine lace or a delicate flower. The interior is so vast and the pillars so gigantic! There is no great canopy to obstruct the view as at St. Peter's—just a long row of immense pillars, with the soft light coming thro' those exquisite windows; and in mid air under the lantern where the light falls upon His head, is the crucifix. This is truly a house of God—St. Peter's seems more like a museum.

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## SWITZERLAND.

*Lucerne—June 26, 1907.*

We thought the ride in Spain along the Guadiaro was beautiful, but there are degrees of beauty, and we had not seen Switzerland!

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To one living on the plain—with no running water (except the muddy Mississippi at the distance of a day's journey) the high peaks and the beautiful cascades of pure snow water splashing down the mountain side, the nestling chalets, the picture work in cultivated fields, form a panorama that I am helpless in describing. I could better tell of the twenty minutes nap through the St. Gotthard tunnel—for the brain was weary of the very beauty of the Lakes Como, Lugano and Maggiore and their reflections of the mountains and snowy clouds.

I am more helpless than ever in speaking of the beauty from my window. I sit here on the balcony and look across a little meadow (where the hay-makers are yodelling as they work) at the stretch of perfectly smooth and clear blue water. It looks so still that a squall would be impossible; but I know it was so, long ago when Tell was being taken in chains to Zwingen; and was released that he might steer the boat, and

bring his tormentors to a safe landing. Across this sheet of blue, rise the green mountains, embroidered with tall pines; on the peaks—and far down the sides—is the eternal snow. As we steamed through the valleys and over the heights, we saw the garnered grain and the snow banks on the same mountain side, and apparently only a few steps apart.

I walked across the old Capell bridge and studied the quaint triangular paintings in the gabled rafters of the roof. There is the pictured story of the hero of these people just as Schiller wrote it for all generations to read and Rossini, for all to hear. Surely a noble deed does not die.

Our room at the Europe has its interesting features. On the beds are the dearest little yellow down covers about three inches thick and tufted like a comfort. In one corner of the room is a great white porcelain stove fully eight feet high with a pipe like a great worm coil-

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ed over it. There are six gilt bands around the stove and a band of figures in relief around the top. It is really an ornament to the room, far different from ours which are only desirable when the bitter weather makes us feel their necessity. We have had modification of this stove throughout Italy—a brown tile the height of a table in Rome, a white one nearly a foot higher in Florence, but this gigantic pillar is our first as we go northward. Of course, I looked in it, at once, to see if little August Strehla of Nuremburg could get inside his beloved Hirschvogel, and ride in it to the king's palace. It is true! There is room! This childish story of the Nuremburg stove recalls the letter I have just received.

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*Deer Park, Wednesday, June 19, 1907.*

Dear Mamma and Papa:

I have a whole lot to say. It is about Indians. Well I'll begin. This afternoon I thought

I would go over to Helen's to get her to come over and play but she wanted to go to the creek. After while we were standing on the porch and we saw a whole lot of horses. Then we saw an Indian leading them, they soon were out of sight. We went on trying to decide whether to go to the creek or over to the Manse. Myrtle and Helen wanted to go to the creek. Dorothy and I did not want to. Then we saw four Indians over to Myrtle's Grandma's house. Myrtle's Grandma's house is right along beside their house. They had their flock of horses. We saw them throw the rope over their necks and choke them down. Then they would tie a rope around all their feet and let them lie there for a while. Then they would break them from their wild, wooly ways. They had a hard fight but the Indian beat. The two I have been talking about were sold for thirty-two dollars for both. Then a man wanted a gray horse and Indians broke it for him and he would not

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take it. The Indians said they were going to lick him but he got away. Then another man wanted a mouse colored horse with a colt the color of Pet. The Indian had a hard time to catch the right one. He rode the other two for nothing. He wanted money to ride this one. He got a dollar. Then they took their flock and did not break it for him, but they left their ropes. Helen's Grandpa picked up the ropes as quick as he could and put them in the barn. The man that bought the horse with the colt is in a pretty fix.

I hope you are having a good time and enjoy your trip.                      Amen.

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*June 28, 1907.*

If I had risen at three yesterday morning, it would have been to tell you of the nightingales' liquid whistle that poured in thro' our open windows. Birds are rare in southern Europe, and this was the first time I ever heard a bird

singing in the night (Virginia heard them in Granada, but I slept too well and was so sorry!) It is even more beautiful than listening to the meadow lark from my window at home, and that is one of the joys of life.

But I didn't rise—which deserves mention after so many mornings of five o'clock breakfasts and six o'clock trains (but really that is the time to see this beautiful world.)

We took the lake steamer yesterday morning for Vitznau—such a beautiful sail! The air clear and invigorating, the water transparent to the very bottom and the mountains rising peak upon peak on every side. On one promitory only fifty feet above the water with a background of the green trees, stood a carved wooden image of Christ blessing the waters. It is most impressive. Very near is a tiny island that is entirely covered with a gabled shrine. The lake itself is in the shape of a cross—a shrine reflecting its Maker and

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giving joy to this people.

At Vitznau, we took the cog railway and climbed up the Rigi to the very top. What a view is there! Whole towns look like groups of toys that you could hold in your hand. We counted ten towns, some of them giving homes to thirty-five thousand people, and they were as a child's Noah's Ark. And three lakes spread out to our view. Blue as blue can be! When the time came to depart, it seemed that I could not get my breath at the thought of leaving so much beauty. It was like leaving a friend I had always longed to find.

Upon our return to Lucerne, we strolled up the village street to the park where the famous lion is carved into the side of the cliff. There is a pool of gold fish in front of the monument, and the trees that grow near hang their branches like garlands against the rock wall that forms the gigantic frame. The flashing gold fish and the light and shadow seem to pay tribute to the



## Switzerland

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king of **beasts**. There he lies, his paw, even in death, is protecting the fleur de lis of the Bourbons, and at his head is the shield of Switzerland. The streams of people that are constantly coming to look at it, pay their tribute too, in silent appreciation.

The Glacier Gardens are another monument—not to character but to the millions of years gone by when boulders, like pebbles, were churned against the rocks by the action of the ice streams, until great pot holes, twenty-seven feet across and twenty-nine feet deep, were made by the friction. The great pebbles still lie in the greater pots. A powerful stream was dashing into one of the pot holes and churning the great boulder to demonstrate the action of the stone against its rocky bed. Then too, side by side with these ice mills were stones with the fauna, and flora of the tropical lands and seas in them—the palm leaf is very plain.

The next sight was the old mill bridge which

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took us thro' the old part of the city. There in the gables, are the paintings of the dance of Death, visiting man at every stage of life.

At 6:30 every day a concert of organ and vocal music is given at the Cathedral. The organ was built by the inventor of the "vox humana" stop. The organist was equal to his instrument and gave us the most soulful music. The singers' voices (men) blended perfectly.. The church was full of people who scarcely breathed during a rendition.

Wood carving is the chief industry. One small picture cut in a block of wood not more than ten by twelve inches was priced at one hundred and twenty dollars.

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*Interlaken—June 30, 1907.*

While the tired oozes out of my feet, I'll try to think what has happened in the past two days. There were moving pictures and some pretty magic work at the hotel in Lucerne Fri-

day night. The magician made an omelet in a chafing dish. When the lid was removed two white doves flew out. She also peeled an orange and out flew a canary.

The next morning, we rose early again and left Lucerne with expostulations of regret. A train ride over the Brunig Pass (where we had a glass of delicious milk) and along the lakes of Sarnen and Lungern and at last by steamer on the Briens and Aare to Interlaken. It was a beautiful trip—every step of the way! The lakes reflecting the hills and chalets, the winding roads of grey-white against the clean green of the mountain!

As I sit here in the writing room, I look across a garden of flowers and fountains to the Jungfran. All the village is built with that in view. The trees are topped about the height of a grape arbor so you can look over them at the “bride of the Alps.”

Leonard and I walked in the afternoon, and

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rested at the Kursaal, a beautiful park with flowers and statuary, leading to a great sheltered audience room where an orchestra plays sweetly, and the most picturesque of Swiss maids serve you with any kind of refreshment. The people sit fully an hour sipping a single glass of beer, and listening to the music, and gazing out over the musicians' heads at the Jungfrau.

We attended a Scotch Presbyterian service this morning. There is one church with several auditoriums and the signs pointing to "Roman Catholic," "Church of England," "Service in French," and "Scotch Presbyterian." This is the nearest to church unity that I know of. It is the first non Roman church we have visited since we left the steamer.

We walked up on the mountain to Heimwehfluh this afternoon. That proved to be another "Restauration" as the signs here have it, and very well put, I think. The view there is very beautiful of Interlaken in the valley of the

Aare and the lakes of Brienz and Thun on each side. Our walk home passed a house with the inscription "Who has peace in his heart lives in a palace."

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*July 1, 1907.*

The warm fragrance of the hotel is very pleasant after a day spent in the ice and snow of the Jungfrau. We left here at eight this morning for Lauterbrunnen, where we held our breath to see the cog railway that was to take us up to Scheidegg. It was a strange sight—the banks of snow and the quantities of flowers side by side. And such flowers! So delicate and of every color—the butter-cup and daisy, the forget-me-not, pansy and the cornflower—just great sloping hillsides of beauty!

In order to forget how cold and hungry we were, we had some fine chorus singing at Scheidegg—the familiar songs. Auld Lang Syne, and many others, while the lunch was being served.

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An Englishman present said Americans knew how to have a good time. After lunch another railway—an electric line—took us thro' a long tunnel, two miles long, thro' the solid rock, to Eismeer. A wonderful piece of engineering! Arrived there we ran out to the daylight and saw oceans of snow. Snow so vast and deep that the mind could not fathom the foundation of it. Heaps upon heaps, as far as the eye could reach in every direction. The rain was pouring down below us, for we were ten thousand three hundred feet high, had climbed about four thousand feet thro' the tunnel. Of course, Dwight washed my face with snow, and I threw a ball at Leonard.

We came down the mountain to Grindelwald and took a train back to Interlaken. If any one can describe this Swiss scenery, read it—I am helpless. But, if you can imagine a fall of water nine hundred sixty feet, you will know one of the beauties of that day. The name of it

is Stauback—dust fall, because the water separates into very thin mist. Another wonder was a glacier lying apparently motionless in the valley. It had made a path through a pine forest.

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*July 2, 1907—Railway from Berne to Strassburg.*

We reached Berne about two hours before lunch, in time to feed the Royal bears of the House of Hapsburg; to see the town clock strike and the bear images make a circuit of a little tower; to see the horrible Boy-eater over the fountain; the markets under tarpaulins stretched in the open squares; the long arcades where all that can be bought and sold is in view; the women with their tight braids wound around their heads, sweeping the streets with long fagot brooms, and polishing men's shoes; the dog carts, and the beautiful bridge built high over the valley and the river Aare. The view

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from here is beautiful as is every reach of vision in this garden spot. The chalets lend themselves so perfectly to the landscape. The rich browns of the unpainted protruding beams which form the walls are so harmonious with the verdure of the hills. The overhanging roofs with wide overspreading eaves look like real shelter—as the “hen that gathereth her chickens.”

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### A BIT OF GERMANY.

*July 3—Strassburg.*

At the market this morning we saw women with their tons of carrots, cherries, potatoes, etc., every cart had a great dog helping either man or woman (more often a woman) pull it. Boys on bicycles with baskets the length of their backs and heads, were carrying loaves of bread longer than the baskets. The women's head dress is so unique—a sash of four and one-half yards of ribbon, six inches wide, tied



in a double dow—the loops hanging over the shoulders and the ends all the way down the back to the waist. The rest of the costume is not striking as is the Swiss. The colored silk apron, black velvet bodice, laced with silver cord and hung with silver chains, the white bosom and stiff white sleeves, make any girl picturesque. And the men wear the greenest of green aprons.

There was a real cloud burst this a. m., but it did not keep us from going to see the famous clock, with the apostles and the crowing rooster (some of our party thought it was an eagle—so much for their Bible knowledge.) The clock is a wonderful machine! Phaeton in his chariot and four other pagan gods make a circuit in the twenty-four hours. There is a calendar of the three hundred sixty-five days—with the holy days all marked; a dial showing the hours of sunrise and sunset; another with the sun, the signs of the zodiac and all the plan-

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ets, all these revolve in their correct times. On the highest balcony is the image of Christ around which all the Apostles walk and bow, and he makes the sign of the cross. On the balcony below, Death stands with his scythe and strikes the hours. At the first quarter a child enters, a matured man at the half, a middle aged man at the three quarters, and an old man at the hour. There are so many wonderful things about it, that it would weary you even if I could remember. But I must add this—it hasn't been repaired for forty-seven years.

The munster is part Norman and part Gothic architecture. They are very different—the smooth round columns of the one, the grooved pillars and grained arches of the other.

There is a pulpit—a lacey carving of marble. Around the bottom the sculptor has chiseled portraits of himself, his wife, his father and his dog. Do you suppose he could not engrave his name?

*Fourth of July—Heidelberg.*

The stars and stripes wave from our window and over our table, but there are no firecrackers to frighten us—a very peaceful time—and just as keen patriotism as if it were noisy. The stars and stripes are flying even from the University. And American students were flying our flag at the table in the garden last night. We were passing when they “spotted” us and invited us to join them. We lost no opportunity to ask about the students in the colored caps of green or blue or white, and were told they were fraternity men; the white capped coming from the most aristocratic homes. They told us, too, that one morning a week is set aside for the duelling, which is really the most widely remembered feature of this renowned University.

At the old Schloss are several women lecturers, who lead you up and down, in and out, thro’ dark passages, and out on high levels over-

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looking the Neckar and its beautiful valley, and thro' the great gate (with its heavy port-cullis) that leads to the bridge over the river. Down in a cellar is the six thousand barrel wine cask, whose replica we saw in the Hotel Astor wine room; and a larger cask, which formerly was connected with the dining room by a great pump. The platform on top of it could be a dancing floor, for four quadrilles. The walls of this great castle are seventeen feet thick; the on our way to the hotel. Our dining room flues where the barbecue was prepared are ninety feet high; and the bread oven has a sixty-foot chimney.

A walk to the market before breakfast gave us a peep at beautiful windows of shops not yet open. The market place was crowded with women, and we met many pushing their carts—but there were no dogs to help them. We saw no Alsatian bows adorning their heads—indeed their heads were uncovered. It seemed

strange to find such a marked difference in so few hours ride from Strassburg. The old church, forming one boundary of the market place, has little shops nestling within its flying buttresses. It is common to see great loads of small wood, being drawn by one horse hitched to a single pole. We never saw two horses except to a carriage.

We think of the Germans as low, but witnessed a force of city workers that accomplished more than the street laboring voters at home. We left the hotel at 6:45 a. m. for our walk and all was quiet—no one in sight. At eight, when we returned, the asphalt paving of the cross roads had been removed. At 9:30 we started for a drive and found that the new composition was laid and being made smooth. When we returned at 11:00, we drove over the new road, as did every other vehicle.

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### *Mayence.*

I am sitting in our room looking out of the window to the Stadthalle on the Rhine, and until 9:15 this evening the daylight lasted. Now the river is even more beautiful, reflecting the lights along its banks; and the garden is like a dream of music with the voices of laughter and good cheer.

Our ride today was bordered with grape vines, not festooned from trees as in Italy, but supported by poles and cross bars, as regularly placed as the threads of muslin. Women (at 12 1-2 cents a day) were weeding this earthen cellar—as the ground looked to us. There were a few fields of wheat—no corn—and the poppies grow in it just enough to make the field the prettiest sight imaginable.

We lost a good deal of scenery in having our palms read, by one of the cleverest girls in our party. Our youngest member is to become famous thro' marriage, our prettiest girl has

a very stubborn thumb, Dwight has the most practical hand she ever saw, and has made the most of his opportunities, Virginia does even the most trivial thing artistically and is a good nurse. While all this was going on, Leonard stepped out at the end of the car to close the door—which opens, by the way, on either side. He pulled the wrong thing, touched an air-brake and the train stopped. Of course it went on again—or we should not be here now.

This city is very beautifully laid out all the way from the station to this hotel—the Holland. There are long squares of grass and flowers bordering our drive. After dinner we walked in the old narrow streets that curve as in every old city. Basket making must be one of the industries for the shop windows have every variety. Tomorrow, we experience a longed for desire—a trip down the Rhine. I shall look for Das Rhinegeld and the maidens.

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*Cologne—July 5, 1907.*

A most delightful sail down the Rhine today—indeed, I do not know how it could be other than delightful any day! The river bends so constantly that we seem to be in a lake all the time, and steering for the shore. There are railroad tracks and wagon paths on each side of the river. Trains of many handsome coaches were passing us frequently—occasional automobiles, and one load of hay drawn by a team of cows—such is the German thrift. It must be such sights that prompted Mark Twain in his recipe for German coffee to say, “Unhitch your cow from the plow, obtain a blue liquid, etc.” But to get back to the Rhine. The steamers and freight barges were so numerous on the river that it is evident all the business of this world is not on our side of the water. The fields and vineyards are cared for until not a weed can grow in them, unless a poppy deserves such a name. The banks are so steep along the upper



Rhine that the fields are made of terraces. And on many a rocky cliff of the same color and seeming to be made of the same rock, nestling among, or towering above the thick foilage of the trees, are the castles that have the many legends which every girl has dreamed of. The one thought that is most pronounced, as I see new types of man's abode, is the perfect harmony, the absolute blending of man's work with the world God made for him. There is not that feeling in the cities, but there surely is in the country round about.

We had a fine river view of Bonn, the birth-place of Beethoven, and burial place of Robert Schumann. The street cars passing at frequent intervals, the "Quaker Oats," and "57 Heinz Varieties" signs everywhere, dispelled the halo with which my mind had encircled the town. But if we could have landed and visited the sacred palaces, reverence would have returned.

We spied the Coln Cathedral towers on our

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left half an hour before landing. In a few minutes we looked again and they were on our right—the other side of the river apparently. Soon again they were on our left, and so remained until we drove by the magnificent pile here is so handsome—that quiet richness so characteristic of Germany—the smooth grey-green wood and blending tapestry; and lights forming an oval ceiling piece, and pendant side wall pieces. We never have time to peep into a hotel parlor—they may be beautiful and there may not be any. Dinner over, we rush out to see everything. Tonight we found an automat. Our friends were new to the business, and were as happy as children over it.

As usual, Leonard and I went for an early walk to the market and looked in the shop windows on our return. Cologne is a beautiful city—much more cosmopolitan than the cities of Italy. The windows show a desire to please all tastes, and the styles do not differ from

American. Many shoe windows had the sign "American Form" in them. Virginia bought her a pair of beautiful shoes made in Baltimore, and rubbers made in New York. We were told before leaving home that they could not be bought. Burnt leather is the most frequent window exhibit. The book covers and waste-paper boxes are exquisite! The store windows extend far down below the pavement, and the goods are most temptingly arranged for the passerby to look down and see great caves of wealth in color, form and fibre.

But quite the opposite of modern luxuries was our morning walk—first to the church of St. Ursula, commemorating the death of that Saint and eleven hundred Christian women at the hands of Attila, or some other barbarian, about 450 A. D. I expected to shiver with the horrors when surrounded by all those sacred hones, and was surprised to find a decided Moorish style of architecture within, and no sign of

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skeletons unless you peered into dark cubby holes to find them. The rows of skulls with embroidered bands to cover the ugliness of the mouth, were indeed pathetic. When I think of all the tortures that were suffered in the past, I cannot but wonder why it was so. What have we done more than they, that life is all one glorious burst of sunshine for us?

The Cologne Cathedral is another of the sacred ones. Indeed, visitors are not allowed to walk about during the service; that pleased me. There are pews for the worshippers. We have not found them in other churches except St. Ursula. The worshippers everywhere have seemed totally oblivious of our presence, but I have always felt like an intruder. The vastness of everything—of the pillars, (eighty feet in circumference) of arches over head, of the two lacey steeples! But the glory of it is in the millions of hours of human strength devoted to its construction. There is a beauti-

ful legend that the architect, Master Gerard, made a bet with the Devil, his soul to be the wager. The Devil bet he would have ducks swimming on a canal from Treves to Coln before the cathedral was finished. It became a mania with Gerard, and when he found the canal made, he dashed himself off the high scaffolding. Lightning struck his house the same day. The cathedral was not finished for six hundred years.

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### HOLLAND.

#### *Amsterdam.*

'Twas a long train ride to Amsterdaam, but not tiresome. For acres and acres, as far as the eye could reach were green fields, with never a fence—just lonesome looking farm gates standing like samples at a fair. These were on bridges over the canals—for the fields are fenced with water. It was a strange sight to

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see a steamboat or a sailship crossing a grassy pasture! And even the windmills! How much more beautiful they are than can be pictured! The doors and shining windows with starchy curtains, the thatched sides and roof, and the four great arms that look so strong to pump the water or grind the grain. I should like to write a poem about the windmill as the preserver of the nation!

After our supper here at Amsterdam, we went to walk. The streets were so crowded we could scarcely make our way. At last a policeman told us we must walk on the right side of the street. This must be a thickly populated city, for there was no unusual occasion to take the people out.

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*July 7, 1907.*

This has been a most interesting day! We took a steamer and went out thro' a lock into the Zuyder Zee—three feet above the land—to

the Eiland of Maarken. There are one thousand four hundred people living there—descendants of the original families, six hundred years ago. They dress as their forefathers did—bloomers for the men, colored and flowered basques, lace caps and aprons over black skirts for the women. The girls and boys dress just like the women until they are eight, when the boy puts on bloomers. By close scrutiny, you can find that the little boys have a circular crown in their caps—the girls not. The men catch herring and are at sea from Monday until Saturday. They are very religious and go to the Protestant church. But by the time we landed at noon, the children were at the shore to meet us and beg for money.

We landed again at Monnikendan, a quaint catholic town. The church is seated with rush bottom chairs. Under each woman's chair is a little charcoal stove for her feet. The men do not have cold feet. There is no other heat

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in the church. Then we steamed thro' the canal to Broeck where we landed again to see the process of making Edam cheese. The barns joining the house, are as clean as sand stone floors can be, and all the woodwork is painted. A cupboard bed is in the wall, and the baby sleeps in a narrow trough-shelf built cross-wise, high above his parents' heads.

We walked along the perfectly laid sidewalk, under the symmetrically trimmed trees, passing house after house with their shining windows. And we were not more interested in the surroundings than the villagers were in us. At every window were faces, and nearly all of the windows were provided with outside mirrors that reflected the passerby. I was quite startled when looking into one fastened to a window far to the rear of the house, to see in the mirror a searching old face—as curious as mine.

We steamed home thro' a canal—could almost



touch the grass on each side. On one of the banks where there was a little slope, three grown girls were rolling over in the grass. Several solitary fishers sat watching their poles, and one, who had gone to sleep, was wakened by the water which the steamer dashed over the bank. Lovers, too, were lounging in the high grasses, and we wondered whether the swish of wetting would not be a startling interruption.

In the evening we walked thro' the Jewish districts where thousands of children were merry-making. A dozen or more joined us in our stroll—really, we could hardly walk for them. A man drove them away but seven came back and walked with us a mile, I should think. I felt like the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

Passing thro' the streets the next morning, the costumes of the dear old ladies, with their quaint lace and gold bespangled caps, was what we most enjoyed. Then, too, it was good to see

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the statue of Rembrandt and his comfortable home, and the Ryk museum.

We looked at only the most famous paintings. Rembrandt's Night Watch is more than I could appreciate in the time we had, but as I think of it, I recall the coloring, light and shadow, and action. But I enjoyed The Endless Prayer much more. The dear old woman's prayer is answered before she loses her last breath! A beautiful, peaceful face sitting before her frugal table!

On the first floor are the costumes of the many provinces of Holland. Such a study of styles! So queer, some of them so beautiful! We went to the Royal Palace, too. It was built for a town hall. I think I enjoyed the bas-reliefs over the doors of the departments as much as anything—Mars for War, Venus for Marriage, Darius Green's prototype for the treasury, etc. Very clever, don't you think? Queen Wilhelmenia lives in this building one

week of the year. It is beautifully equipped for her. The throne chair has emeralds and rubies in the crown at the back. The wall tapestries in each room are like the chair furnishings. Over one small door is a fresco so like marble bas-relief that we had to stand under it and see it was a flat surface before we could believe our eyes. It is as deceptive as the ceiling of the Milan Cathedral which is painted, but looks like carved marble.

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### *The Hague—July 9.*

No day could be more crowded with seeing things than this one. Before the party started at 9:30, we walked as if to a fire to the Arcade to buy a tile. I had one minute to make the purchase and then make the return trip, but found that our money was not acceptable. Then we wanted the tile worse than ever.

We joined the party and went thro' the Spanish prison. Such horrors of torture are in-

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conceivable! I wonder whether the government offered prizes for the latest devices in inflicting pain. I never stayed in the room to hear the lecture, but it came thro' the air on the hearers' tongues. To see was enough for me. Like all else in Holland, it was exquisitely clean. The board steps scrubbed white—no cobwebs even in the dungeons. I do not wonder that the Puritans were exterminists. We met a school of children in the prison. In so many historic places we find children not more than twelve. These tours are a part of their public instruction, I am told.

It was a relief to visit the senate chamber. The quiet green cushions and desk covers in the silent room gave just the right setting to the splendid portrait of Queen Wilhemena's grandfather standing back of the president's chair. At the art museum, I lingered with Murillo's Madonna. I believe I like it better than anything in Italy or Spain. When we

entered the room where Paul Potter's Bull stands, in an instant I was entering another room like it holding my mother's hand, for I saw the bull in Philadelphia in 1876. It is wonderful! The hair is so soft and real, you can scarcely resist rubbing it. And the artist was only twenty-two when he painted it in 1847. Rembrant's Antomy is in that gallery, but I am not studying anatomy and did not look at it. We walked over to the House of Knights where the Peace Conference was in session and waited for the most honored of every nation to appear. Nothing could better prove how all the world's akin, for we were doubtful as to all the nationalities except the Japanese and a strong guess at the Russian embassies. An Argentine delegate and his family, a beautiful wife and four lovely children, eat at the table next to us. We could have guessed that they live in Illinois.

At two o'clock, we took carriages to drive

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to the Palace in the Woods. The drive thro' the mossy trees is as dreamy and restful as the woods always are. These are real woods—great, tall trees growing everywhere—leaf-mould and tender weeds covering the ground. At the end of the drive is a very plain brick palace in an exquisite garden of walks, vines, flowers, lakes and statuary. The interior of the palace rivals all language. The walls and furniture in the dining room are of Chinese embroidery showing the cultivation of rice. The next room is Japanese in birds and bridges and exquisite lacquered cabinets. The walls of the central room are covered with paintings symbolizing the life of Frederic Henry, who died before the building was finished. One painting is of Minerva and Hercules opening the iron doors so Peace may enter with the olive branch. This was to commemorate the peace of 1648. It was in this room the first Peace Conference was held in 1899. The rug

covering the floor was a gift from the Shah of Persia to Wilhemena at her marriage, and other gifts are in the palace, too, vases from China. A statue of her baby being carried to Heaven by the angels is very touching and beautiful.

Another long, beautiful drive brought us to Scheveningen on the North Sea. The sea was breaking on the sandy shore. A few people were wading, but the day was too cold to make bathing comfortable. The beach is lined with tents and chairs. The drive thro' the old town delighted us. Heaps of children in wooden shoes, running, climbing fences, doing anything in those clumsy things—grown folks, too. These shoes cost sixty cents and never wear out—a good fashion, no breaking in new ones.

We passed the Queen's palace in the city and her stables. They look much alike on the outside. Tonight I went back and bought the tile. It is a woman carrying two buckets on a yoke,

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a boat with a tub of milk in it stands in the canal, a gate, some cows, a tile roof, etc.

Just met a Jap in the hall on his way to the bath. He had on a dark kimona. The maid followed with his towels. I suppose he is a delegate to the Peace Conference.

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### BELGIUM.

#### *Antwerp.*

In driving from the station to the hotel at noon today, I saw in a shop window a lace berth that I wanted, so we did not finish our dinner, but skipped out to buy it. It was then or never, for we must "do" Antwerp in an hour.

The real reason we stopped here was to see Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." The picture was painted for the Order of St. Christopher, and its three divisions—for it is a triptych—each shows a Christ-bearer. On the left is the visit of the Virgin and Elizabeth before



Christ's birth. At once you hear Mary saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." On the right is the Infant Jesus on a pillow, in the temple, carried by the old St. Simeon; and the thought, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld thy glory," is reflected in his countenance. In the central painting, those who love Christ are lifting His body from the cross. Like all of Rubens, the figures are too heavy.

A better Christ is the head painted on marble by Leonardo da Vinci. There is no bust, and the beard hides the neck. The face is of warm flesh tints, and the dark blue eyes look deep into your heart.

There is a carved English oak pulpit in this cathedral. It is an arbor, covered with vines and leaves; and on the branches are many kinds of birds. These are the ones with whom St. Francis talked in his hermitage. There is a painting with portraits of Luther, Erasmus

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and Calvin learning at the feet of Christ in this Romish church. It sets you to thinking.

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*Brussels—July 11, 1907.*

It was quite like being in America to be driven thro' the streets of Brussels. They are wide and well paved—the buildings are modern—for the old ones were torn down within the last half century. All this takes from the quaintness, but not from our comfort in the hotel, for the elevator runs upon request, which it didn't do at The Hague. Our early walk revealed women sweeping and scrubbing the stores. We find women doing such work everywhere, but we did not see them delivering newspapers as we have frequently. The morning was spent at the House of Justice—a structure larger than St. Peter's and with a much more imposing dome. That is because St. Peter's pupil. The Hall of Justice seems as useful as is hidden by the attic put on by Michelangelo's

a fisherman's silk hat. Very impressive architecture in the classic Greek, but more enjoyed in the possession than the use. The architect died insane—so did the painter, whose paintings we saw next at the Wiertz museum. It is an immense room holding the life work of a man who would not paint for money. The subjects are as unique in art as is Dante's *Inferno* in literature. There is a dog in a kennel that seems real and is only asleep, and a lady with a rosebud, but the others tho' well portrayed, are gruesome. The modern museum is much pleasanter. There, Teniers' *Kermisse* makes you glad. A bad dream called *St. Anthony's Temptation* is more like the funny page of the Sunday newspaper in coloring and grotesqueness than anything more serious. Rubens' *Negro Heads* hang there. I wonder where he found his model, for we have not seen a negro, except one, who was imported from Congo, and walks about this hotel in bright red and buttons, to

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add to the picturesqueness of the stained windowed and beveled mirrored rooms. As Rubens lived in Antwerp, and that is a shipping port, the negro model may have been found on an African vessel. The Ascension of the Virgin by Rubens, we saw in the cathedral at Antwerp and again at this gallery. The clear white light of the gallery is better for the painting. It is viewed across a large balcony.

We went to the town square, or the old forum, bounded with historic interest. The Hoted de Ville, or town hall, is still used tho' it is almost a century since the "sound of revelry by night" and it was several centuries old before that. The facade and spires are most exquisite in lacey effect with statues in every curve. Some fine tapestries are in the hall. A ceiling painting is worth studying. It is the angel Gabriel who seems to turn shoulders, wings and bugle, and fly to meet you as you walk around the edges of the immense room.

A drive thro' the park shows more splendid trees than are common with us. The wealthiest homes have a plain exterior, but every window in Brussels—even the poorest, has a fine lace curtain in it. The shop windows are more than enough to turn a woman's head.

The church of St. Gudule is the home of another carved wooden pulpit—Adam and Eve being chased from Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. The whole is a tree whose branches and leaves form the pulpit. Adam and Eve seem to be trying to find shelter from the angel under the pulpit—thus forming its support.

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*July 12, 1907.*

Have just come in from the market. It fills all the pavement surrounding the Bourse of Commerce. There the women sit behind their piles of peas, carrots, potatoes, onions, asparagus (white as milk) egg-plant, currants, and

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cry their prices to everyone passing. It is the noisest market we have visited. On the side streets are the dogs resting under the carts that they have just pulled into the city. The loads are heavier than you would think possible for a dog. We saw one big cart loaded with iron from a foundary, iron pieces that fitted each other so there was no waste room, and one large dog was whining under that load. Many people use two dogs, and we saw several teams of three abreast.

We went to the Town Hall again for I wanted to get a better look at the house where Jean Val Jean was born from Hugo's brain. It is a brown stone, more impressive than many homes of writers, but there is no inscription to identify it. One window is used to display gymnasium devices and the other has a big paste-board parrot in it. Food for thought!

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*Paris—July 13, 1907.*

We arrived at the North Station at five o'clock. Everybody else was there, too, but we sat in a bus for comfort and safety and cringed at the thud of trunks falling on the top. A man with a trunk on his shoulder walked up a ladder to the top of the bus and then let the trunk drop. This happened eleven times, so we grew brave and each crash seemed less dangerous than the last. Then one horse pulled seven people and eleven trunks across the city. We peered thro' the openings between people's heads and saw more people—all going somewhere. I'm sure it would be fatal to stand still. The raised platforms around the street lamps look as if they were made for foot passengers to change their minds, but we did not see any one doing it. The two story horse cars and motor cars caught our eye.

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*July 14, 1907.*

Our hotel is over a railroad station, but we would not know it so great are the distances. Did I tell you our hall is six hundred twelve feet long to the turn—and then half as long to the elevator, and then half way back to the dining room? We always have a good appetite. Really, a study in perspective is interesting. The figure becomes so small, that it is only by a swagger or characteristic movement that we know our own husbands. We have a letter box on our door, a clock run by electricity stands on the mantel, and a telephone with no transmitter is on the wall—you just talk in any direction.

But I should be telling of the cannon that fired at eight this morning when President Fallieres began reviewing his forty thousand troops, and of the Marsailles to which they came marching back to the city. We were at the Place de la Concord and I was looking at the



obelisk and wondering how long it took those Egyptian slaves to chisel a butterfly, while Leonard was running a race with the President and his retinue. Leonard beat in the race, and stood still while all the great ones of this Republic passed in *his* review.

When Leonard raced off to get ahead of the President, I played "pussy wants a corner" with the lamp-posts until I came to the Madeline. It is the style of architecture most to my liking—if one beautiful thing can be more beautiful than another. There is so much dignity to the row of great columns that support the roof and seem to protect the walls.

The Last Judgment in the architrave is very effective. On the altar is a marble group—four angels bearing to heaven the purified Mary Magdalene, for whom the church is named. It is very beautiful and unique as an altar piece. Above it is a frieze of figures. The interior is lighted by three bull's eye windows in the roof

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giving a sombre, but white light.

As I left the church and tried to forget the dozen, yes more—beggars, blind, lame, hungry and possibly one that was lazy for he looked able in every way—in trying to forget them, I wedged into a crowd of men and a few women to see what was of interest. And they were gambling. The proprietor had a little table with the figures from two to twelve on it and a pair of dice—and a fist full of coins, one franc or more in value. Then he and his customers guessed on the dice and the money was placed on the figures. Generally he gathered it in—a number of men would bet at once—but sometimes he would pay one of the fellows. Within one block, I passed four of these groups. There was no demonstration—just put up your money. Indeed, this is a very quiet holiday, no fire-crackers, but bands are playing at different stands and women are waltzing together in the streets. The buildings are floating blue, white

and red flags, and many streets are festooned with colored ropes of paper.

Mrs. Lewis, Virginia and I took a long ride this afternoon, after a failure to get in the Louvre because it is a special holiday. We went in a double decked motor and almost circled the city for twelve cents.

Last night we took a drive along the Champs Elysees to the theatre, where every woman looked really like a fashion plate in coloring, hair, hat, gloves, shoes, stockings—every detail. Enormous hats with plumes that swept the shoulders. Mrs. Lewis and I were the only women there without hats—in the whole audience the hats fully eighteen inches in diameter, were kept on. But they were far better to look at than the stage. The play was a vaudeville—much courser than I have ever seen in Chicago or New York; we left. It was a meeting place evidently, for the women promenaded alone, showing luxurions gowns with long trains, or

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chatted with friends. The drive to and from was like fairyland, with a whizzing auto to keep you from quite forgetting the realness of life.

We saw an airship make a trip past our dining room window yesterday, and today we saw a balloon high in the blue; but no one seemed to be watching them.

Yesterday we drove across the bridge of Alexander III (a work of magnificent art) past art galleries, along the Champs Elysees, past the Napoleon arch of triumph to Versailles. The residence of the owner of the two largest stores is the only luxurious home on the way. Forests flank the house on either side, and gardens, vases and statuary are artistically disposed on the green lawn in front of the large creamy white house.

The gardens of Louis XIV are too beautiful to describe, with yew trees, fountain and statuary, and too large to enjoy. Even the

eye grows weary of the perfectness of it all. The palaces are not to be compared with the Palace in the Woods at The Hague, but are more familiar because the very keyholes are saturated with history. We saw the little door thro' which Louis XVI and Marie Antoniette made their escape, while the Swiss guards died at their post. This is not the place of the great massacre, which was at the Tuilleries, where the king and queen did not escape.

The brass lock on the chapel door made by hand by Louis XVI, made the king seem more human than before. I had never thought of him as a locksmith. I cannot think of him and his fair wife without sorrow for such cruel times. And the much bewigged and high heeled grandfather was the cause of it all. We went thro' room after room where his portrait has the central place. By his bedside is a profile of him, with his scornful, cruel mouth and wicked eye. He called himself God of the Sun,

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and one portrait so represented him. A unique clock was another proof of his vanity. At the hour, his image on horseback rode out of the center; clouds separated above him and he was crowned by the sun emerging from these clouds. It is all in gold.

We look out upon the balcony where the young king and queen and Lafayette tried to appease the people. It all seemed very real—especially when standing beside the very bed upon which those best known in history laid their tired heads and unwearied bodies. I guess that does not apply to all, for the Little Corporal might have been physically weary after so many hours on the field. His bed is a narrow short one, but large enough, of course.

There is a long hall of queer statuary—tall, very slender people of the time of Charlemagne—almost as thin as the Egyptians. But the grounds are the most beautiful. The coach

house contains a partial history of France. The sedan chairs of the queens, and the gilt coaches used for Napoleon's ascent into glory—even a special one for his divorce, (which was not so glorious), and another for the christening of the King of Rome. Such massive elegance that eight horses are required to pull them.

The drive home brought us past a high plain wall, protecting a yard and house. On the wall was a bust of Victor Hugo. After we reached Paris, we drove by the Eifel Tower. Its height is more than I could think. The church steeples look less than half as high. It is about one thousand feet.

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*Tuesday.*

Yesterday was given over to another carriage drive, thro' a park alive with children, to Notre Dame where we saw the queer figures on the doors of Adam and Eve, etc., and the rose win-

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dows that Dante has pictured in his *Paradiso*. To realize the centuries of history that have echoed around that early land-mark is to know France. Then we went to the Vendome, which, like Trajan's column; it seems to tell only one tale—Napoleon's ambition. We visited his tomb and found the beautiful chapel thronged with people who came from admiration or historical interest. The canopied altar is like the one at St. Peter's, but is so much better placed that it is far more beautiful. The light thro' yellow glass falls upon the great twisted columns and gives them a golden glow.

Opposite Napoleon's tomb, across a little park, is a monument to Pasteur, whose honest study has saved so many lives. It is a simple statue out in the broad white sunlight, as science must

Passing the Eifel Tower to the Trocadero Palace, (which must have suggested Festival Hall hall, are very similar,) we found persons rehearsing in the hall and were told that talented



men and women donate their efforts at this auditorium and the money raised is always used for charity. A hydraulic elevator took us up to the top of the tower, and from the top, we looked upon a statue of Washington and another of Franklin, and the Eifel tower just over the way seemed higher than ever.

We passed the salon where art exhibits are held and the fame of our countrymen is won—or not, and then came to the obelisk on the Place de la Concord which marks the sad fate of Louis XVI and his beautiful Marie Antoinette, and many hundred others. The obelisk was placed there because it had no political significance—perhaps because it keeps those who stop to read, guessing what Rameses was trying to tell. Female statues representing the French cities, are placed in a circle around the obelisk. The city of Strassburg is draped with flowers as the grave might be, and has been since 1870, when it was lost and ceded to Germany.

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Spaking of graves, we visited the tomb of Abelard and Heloise at the Pere la Chaise. There were flowers recently placed at their feet by some one disappointed in love. A beautiful monument to all who have gone before has a place in the cemetery. The tomb of President Faure has no pronounced characteristic in this Republican France—much as the people loved him.

A memory that will not fade is of the evening at the Grand Opera house. All are familiar with pictuhes of that magnificent stairway, but the mosaic floors, and the gorgeous ceiling of exquisite mosaic and framed in bronze statuary, must be seen to be known; and the opera was as beautiful as its setting. Virginia told us before leaving America that she was going to take us to this most famous hall. Just as if she were not taking us everyplace? The first act was the prologue to the opera of Catalana. In the foreground was a thatched roof supported

by four posts. In the background, the Jung-fau and another snow peak reflected the glow of the setting sun. A man in mountain skins walked over the mountain singing—the twilight came down, the evening star twinkled and then another, then several, then many peeped thro' the deep purple. The man lay on his bed of straw and sang himself to sleep, while the voice he was dreaming of joined, and carried on the melody. The curtain fell on this exquisite pastoral. The opera Catalana is laid in the Sierra Madras. The costumes, of course, were Spanish. A village washing scene interrupted by the characteristic Spanish dance could not have been prettier. Truly it was a gala night. Leonard and I walked to the Palais D'Orsay to take a peep at Paris at midnight. Even at that hour the taximetres and other carriages were passing as constantly as in the daytime, and the street tables and chairs were crowded with people. Music was playing every-

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where. At one place, it was made by a man rubbing tumblers of water, making four tones at one time. He was accompanied by a banjo.

This morning we went to the shops—the Louvre and the Bon Marche. They did not turn our heads, strange to say. After lunch, Virginia and I strolled thro' the Louvre Musee. That was a joy! Of course, the familiar subjects were the greatest pleasure, but the Marriage of St. Catherine by Fra Bartholommeo is of the richest coloring. The Source and The Sphinx by Domanique are fine. I wondered whether Mr. Van Dyke knew the painting before he wrote his Blue Flower, for there is an exquisite blue flower in the painting, and The Source is to me his choicest writing. More probably both painting and story are from the Brahmin legend. The Rubens room devoted to the life story of Marie de Medici is a delightful way to read history. The pictures illustrate her life from the three Fates spinning the

widowhood and regency, and departure to threads thro' her courtship and marriage with Henry IV, to the birth of Louis XIII, her Heaven where she joins her husband. We have not yet found the Venus de Milo. It was an endless jaunt thro' rooms full of other Venuses. We found them from every clime and in every graceful attitude. I was sure we would not find her in such company; and at last, after walking thro' all the aristocracy of mythology, we found her standing at the end of the corridor, with all the others to do her homage. Yes, she is beautiful—and more; her face is full of goodness—an honest, thoughtful expression that commands your love and admiration.

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*London—July 17, 1907.*

A pleasant ride thro' northeastern France to Boulogne (a quaint city of forty thousand), a smooth passage across the English channel, a

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beautiful trip across the hedge bordered fields from Folkstone, with poppies everywhere, and we were in London. As soon as our faces were washed, we left the hotel, the Holborn Viaduct, climbed to the top of a bus and grinned at ourselves all the way to Piccadilly. It was a queer feeling to be on the top of a high bus and ride along on a level with the restaurant awnings. The horses that pulled us looked sleek and fat and contented, so I tried to think the load couldn't be as heavy as it looked. Eighteen passengers could ride on the top and as many inside, so there must be some pulling. Added to this are myriads of soap and food and health signs that so cover the bus that to find the name of it takes a practiced eye. As we rode along, we saw carts of bananas—the first since leaving America. How the banana cart and bicycle boy keeps from being upset is a mystery in these crowded streets; for the buses and cabs form an endless stream. We

tried for a long time to cross the street and finally walked between the wheels and under the seat of the driver of a high cab. We have not seen street cars; but have seen sub-stairways going to them, I suppose. Similar stairways going to the earth below are marked "Lavatories, certainly a great improvement over the continental method.

An interesting novelty about our room is the door bolt, which is opened by touching a button from the bed. This is to admit the maid with the breakfast, I suppose. An old chest of drawers in the room proves to be a writing desk when you touch the button. The wardrobe is half chest of drawers—so nothing is as it seems. The clock does not run by electricity as it did in Paris, and as I have not started it, it points always to half past three. Our washstand is of tile illustrating Aesop's fables—the lion and the mouse, the dog and his shadow, the fox and the grapes, the fox dines with

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the stork, and so on.

The drive this morning took us thro' many, many crowded streets and across the Thames to the Tower of London. The sun was shining and dispelled the gloom associated with it—tho' tablets marked the place of the execution of Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard and Lady Jane Grey. But just there in the open place, the Scotch pipers were playing and we turned our backs on the names of the dead queens to look at the picturesque costume and peculiar instruments of the Scotchman. And we were not the only auditors—two great, black crows gave the music every attention, and a peacock had only his train to distract him as he strolled along.

In the Tower, we saw room after room of armour and bayonets—some of gold with fine tracery arranged in design, like the passion flower, or the sun. When we entered the room where the king's crown is kept, we roused as



from a dream and looked with all our might. It is of diamonds with a ruby and sapphire set in the front. The sapphire belonged to Edward the Confessor, and the ruby, which is more than an inch the longest diameter, was presented by Peter of Spain. The queen's crown and several others, is in the same enclosure. There is a baptismal font, a wine fountain, tankards, innumerable salt jars, jeweled sword and scepter, all made of gold arranged around the crown. A very queer mixture of purposes!

Then we went to St. Paul's Cathedral—the monument to Christopher Wren, as his tablet states. The interest of the church is in the noble deed, whose memorials are here—the Duke of Wellington, Admiral Nelson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edward Leighton, Sir Edward Bulwer Lyton, John Millais and J. W. Turner. And strange to every American—an eulogistic memorial tablet to Major Andre. This church too, stands on the site of a Roman

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Temple.

We stood on the steps of the National Gallery and looked down on Trafalgar Square—a plat of green studded with a high monolith, with Nelson o'er-topping it. It is well that we went thro' the gallery while we were fresh, (for pictures must be sipped at ease as a German drinks beer—not swallowed at one draught as we Americans drink everything). The guide shows us the most famous pictures and we lose no time hunting them. This afternoon the Sir Edward Leighton paintings were the best. Dignity and Impudence, and Shoeing the Mare are almost as good as Potter's Bull—but not quite. Then see Joshua Reynold's Innocence!—oh, so many beautiful ones! Life is not long enough to enjoy all the good things about us. We left the gallery too weaary for anything but a drive, and we really nodded with the comfort of it as we drove on Rotten Row, thro' Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. But the hand-

some equigapes and handsomer attires roused us and presently we came to the Albert Memorial. That is too fine to miss. The great bronze statue of the Prince Consort is canopied and supported by pedestal bordered with life-size figures of men of worth, in high relief around it. Homer has the central place in the front, Raphael on the Prince's left and Michaelangelo on his right. All the intervening space is filled with this galaxy of portraits. Science is not forgotten—nor mechanics and engineering—as if the heart and mind of the Prince were great enough to value them all.

Another drive further along in Hyde Park brought us to a flowered enclosure, which is a burial ground for dogs and cats. There are several hundred graves, each marked with a stone. This is one:

“To dear little Josie,  
In loving gratitude for his sweet affection.  
*Until we meet again.*

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April, 1889—November, 1895.”

(There are no surnames.)

Our drive home brought us around the corner of Dickens’ Old Curiosity Shop. We entered and saw the source of his inspiration. The windows are full of his characters illustrated by Cruikshank, whose tomb we saw at St. Paul’s; and pictures with extracts are sold in the inner room. I peeked thro’ a six-inch hole in the wall and saw two women sitting on great bags of paper sorting rags—for the premises are used for old paper now.

We prepared for lunch immediately upon our return to the hotel, but before the hooks were fastened up the back, Virginia came in—a vision of freshness in her pink ribbon waist and a carnation in her hair, and placing one like it in mine, said she had tickets for Lohengrin. Such a treat as it was! The staging was very pretty and the acting good. The voices were not so good as the singers in Paris,

Venice and Rome. We had the best of seats to enjoy it. As in Paris, women were in charge of the seats and tickets. Between the acts, these maids brought in small bricks of ice-cream, pots of tea, and glasses of lemonade. They serve nothing free as our boys carry water. Even the program full of advertisements costs six pence.

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*July 18, 1907.*

We have been to the Tate gallery this a. m. It contains modern paintings, which I must say are more interesting on the whole than the ancient ones, tho' the coloring is not so rich.

Next to Westminster Abbey, which is imbued with holiness. To stand within walls erected in 1066 and still serving as a house of God, makes us think. Edward the Confessor, the good Queen Eleanor, who sucked her husband's poisonous wound and for whom Charing Cross and the other Crosses are named,

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Margaret, the good wife of Henry VII, whose charity of bread and money is handed out to the poor every week even to this day—these and hundreds of others, whose tombs are here, crowd the mind with a host of pennied portraits that cover centuries. Then there are the poets whose songs have wakened so many chords of harmony. And when the body could not be brought here, there is a tablet or bust that brings the singer to the passer's mind. 'Twas so I saw a marble portrait of Shakespeare and of Wordsworth, also our own loved Longfellow. And there are the statesmen—Disraeli, Gladstone, and the actors, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Irving; and the singer, Jennie Lind Goldsmith. And, too, the leaders in the field of science, Herschel and Darwin lie side by side in that company of illustrious dead. The coronation chapel, and the chair containing the Stone of Scone point to the stability of this government, for every English ruler has been

crowned here since William the Conqueror. What other nation can show such a record!

This afternoon we drove to the Wallace museum—a mansion familiar to us as the Gaunt house in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The collection of armor, furniture and paintings is very beautiful. There is a large collection of miniatures and wax portraits. We saw a life-size wax portrait of Louis XIV at Versailles, but here we saw hundreds of miniature portraits in wax, still more painted on ivory. The King of Rome is a popular subject—a blue-eyed, flaxen haired boy of four or five years.

The British Museum came next. We walked thro' the Elgin marbles and the mausoleum made for Mausolus, whose name gave origin to the word. The fragments of it are so immense, I do not marvel that it was considered one of the seven wonders. One of the pillars fills the height of a great hill. We passed the Assyrian bas-reliefs and brick documents, and the Egyp-

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tian giants in stone and came to the Rosetta stone, which was ceded to England by France in 1802. It explains itself. There are three paragraphs of different writing, but the same thought. The first is the heiroglyphics of the priests found on the obelisks and other monuments, and unintelligible until about a century ago. The second paragraph is the writing of the people, and the third is in the Greek language, and solved the others. After we had looked at the prehistoric man whose past is said to be about 7000 B. C.—a blonde with the hair on the scalp, skin covering the bones, and there are vessels in the stone coffin—after seeing him and the mummy who was a priestess and is still consulted by people in London today, and the mummy of Cleopatra, we are ready to come to the hotel and have a good rest. That museum crowds history and geography so thick that you feel that it was a waste of time to go any place else. Our own Ameri-



can Indian was represented and the Esquimaux and the African. But I liked them better alive at St. Louis. A fetish, not seen in St. Louis was covered to the very eyes, nose and mouth with knives and nails that had been driven in by a credulous people to learn how some mighty question would be settled.

Dwight invited us to spend the afternoon at Windsor Castle—the castle by the winding shore. The castle is at the station, or rather the station is across the street from the castle, so 'twas easy to walk about. The Albert Chapel was our first stop. It is a cheery tomb for Edward's elder son. The mosaics and bas-relief portrait of the Royal Family give it an individuality of its own. The State Apartments where the royal guests are entertained, are very magnificent, but nothing is as exquisite as the Hague Palace in the Woods. The paintings are better—the Holy Family by Rubens, I liked better than others I have seen by

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him. (But Murillo is the man that could paint Madonnas.) The dining table is one hundred fifty feet long, and the rug under it is woven in one piece—the largest rug in the world. The castle is so large, only a distant view could take it all in, but looking at it across the Thames makes a picture not to be forgotten.

On our return we changed cars at Slough where Charles Turner produced the crimson rambler. The railroad is bordered with luxuriant flowers in the care of this nusery, making the trip all the more beautiful.

Arrived at Paddington, we hunted the famous two-penny tube and were surprised to be lowered in a great car instead of walking down as we do in America. A very few minutes ride underground and we had left the tube coaches and were lifted to the street near our hotel. As I sat here tonight I heard the Scotch pipers pass. I ran to the window—there were two bands with a company between, and a bicycle

brigade with guns fastened to the wheels; and bringing up the rear, were the stretcher bearers.

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*Sunday—9 p. m.*

At this instant I do feel that this has been a day of rest, for we have just come from a fruitless trip to Westminster Abbey. The church was closed. We started out to St. Paul's but that church is so large, we could not hear one word of the service—tho' I knew what every word should be—so we left for Westminster. We walked from Charing Cross as the policeman said it was near. I was glad we did, for there was more time to picture Queen Eleanor on her last journey from Charing Cross to the Abbey.

This morning we heard Dr. Campbell, just two blocks down. He is a spiritual man and preached a beautiful universalist sermon. The choir, in black cap and blue gown, sang Mo-

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zart's Twelfth Mass. The City Temple, as the church is called, seems very small compared with the Chicago auditorium.

This afternoon, we walked thro' Petticoat Lane—after taking two buses to reach it. The petticoated portion did not predominate as we have found at all markets. There were men, and they were selling every article imaginable, from tinware to lace, all uot in the street, from a cart or under a propped up tarpaulin, or even sitting flat on the pavement, as we saw a man selling two pairs of large scissors for a six pence.

This is the only violation of the Sabbath we have seen here. I wonder where people eat who depend upon restaurants. Business places are closed and the steel curtains drawn down hiding their goods, except a few cigar stores—and oh, yes! a few clothing windows. I saw a suit marked \$15.75—the first dollar sign I have seen since May 17th. But no two cities could

be more unlike than London and Paris. People are out riding on the bus tops, or riding in the tube; but there are no tables on the walk inviting refreshments. There is none of the merrymaking from sitting over a social glass and hearing music. The only music we hear from our window, (or any where else) is the constant clatter of horses feet on the asphalt, the whirl of auto buses frequently, and the chimes of the church bells every hour.

*Birmingham—July 23, 1907.*

I did not write about yesterday because we only went shopping and found almost nothing that we could not resist. Leonard limited his purchases to three sets of postals at a penny a dozen. They have not a gold bevel.

This morning we left London for Oxford. At Reading, where the train halted for five minutes, a black water-spaniel came to the car door. He had a tin box fastened over his shoulders. It was labeled "Bob. For Widows

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and Orphans." A slot in the box proved his profession. He stood there and begged and with the chinch of each penny, in the tin box, he wagged his tail in gratitude. There were lots of pennies. Everybody enjoyed giving.

Arrived at Oxford, we mounted a high wagon and drove to Christ Church College, where Edward VII was educated. Our guide was a character worthy a pen portrait. A symphony in grey, in age, costume and historic setting. His hair parted front and back, grey stiff hat, and "doncherknow" punctuating every clause. He took us to the chapel where Burne Jones' windows prove that there is beauty in his art when in painted windows. Then we went to the great dining room copied at Chicago University. Portraits of great men and of a few women line the walls. The writer of *Alice in Wonderland* hangs opposite John Wesley at the entrance. Earthly dreams and heavenly visions.

Our guide told us of Tom Tower as we stood

in the quadrangle looking at the pond of water lilies. Just then Tom struck twelve and the man sang the college rhyme with the bells. Then we went to Magdalene with its beautiful ivied tower and handsome flowers. The grass and flowers are the freshness and beauty of everything. The buildings are very weatherworn. Addison's walk, following the water walk, is the most beautiful spot, such gigantic old trees with mossy bark and vine entwined! And a large herd of spotted deer! How could any country be more beautiful!

At Stratford, another high wagon took us to Shakespeare's house. Surely the very timbers are rich with association! Each room was shown by a lady or gentleman who seemed to love the task. The plainness of the home, so solid, honest and genuine, seems a good setting for so great a soul. The church where he lies is in a yard beautiful with old trees and sacred with grave stones. The boy choir were singing

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very sweetly in the vesper service. It was good to be there. The plain floor slab that marks his grave is the most unpretentious in all Europe, but it has done him good service.

“Good frend for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed heare:  
Blest be ye yt spares these stones  
And curst be ye yt moves my bones.”

On the way back, we passed the home of Marie Corelli which is a two-story square house with boxes of flowers in every window, and vines covering the walls.

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*Birmingham—July 24, 1907.*

A four horse coach too us for an hour's drive this morning, passing some very comfortable old houses—plain walls, dooryards, no porches, but many vines clambering over the walls. The driver told us of the different factories as we passed them—for Birmingham is a city of factories. We left in a very comfortable car about



10:30; and spent eight hours looking out of the windows at the freshest of greenness all the way to Edinburgh. All lower England is bordered with hedges, but stone walls replace them farther northward. Sheep are abundant in this more hilly northern land. We were puzzled by circular fences of stone, perhaps one hundred feet in diameter. 'Twas Virginia's happy thought that these are sheep folds. There are fields of hay but no corn. The black Aberdeen Angus cattle are grazing here and drinking from the clear streams.

Arrived at Edinburgh, we walked up a long flight of steps to the bridge that crossed the tracks and into the hotel. As the elevator was full, we walked up the hotel steps to our rooms, up and up and up. We walked nine flights before we reached it. Then we came down four flights to dinner. What was our surprise to find that on a level with the main streets! We walked out after dinner, and several times came

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to places where we could look down on other streets whose five storied house-tops were on a level with us. It is cold here. We wear all we have. At half after nine p. m., we can read the daily paper.

This is the grey stone city. We have seen no other coloring except the pure white statue of Sir Walter Scott, who sits under a pinnacle supported by eight giant pillars. It is a very significant monument, the simple, noble figure and the elaborate arched canopy, that looks as if the people could not honor him enough. The park surrounding the monument is a beautiful harmony of grass and flowers. It forms a border for Princess Street for a good many blocks. On the other side are all kinds of shops—dresses, steamer rugs in all the plaids of the different clans, and decorated china from the various manufactories. So both sides are bright with color. The Kilties in their artistic costume, are a common sight during the day.

We drove thro' the street to the castle, and went into the tiny bedroom of Mary, Queen of Scots, where James I was born, and lowered in a basket from the window to be cared for at Stirling Castle. We entered the tiny chapel of St. Margaret with its five tinier windows. At Holyrood, it seemed more like the home of a queen, tho' that, too, is bare. The Queen's bed is in rags, but tells of better days. Her private stairs are still barred to the public, but a big sign is on the door in her bedroom and another at the foot of the stairs in the room below. The ruin of the Holyrood chapel is like a dead language. Very different from St. Giles which is full of religious zeal. The guide there told us the story of John Knox and his prayer book, of Janet Geddes throwing her stool at his successor; of the Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian ministeries in this house of God. He was a dear old man. He loved every pew in it—had gone there since he was a little boy.

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A short drive, passing the home of John Knox, and then up to the observatory tower; where we stepped out of the carriage and walked around the creast of the hill. A view of city, Nelson tower with the ball on its top that rises on a rod and falls to the tower top every day at one o'clock. A cannon fires and every one adjusts his watch.

A spare moment took us back to the Scott monument to get another look at the pure, good face, Then across the street to buy a wedgewood teapot for a souvenir of this tea-drinking island.

*Glasgow—July 26, 1907.*

We eat breakfast with the party for the last time tomorrow. It has been a pleasure every day. This last one has been spent coming thro' the Trossachs, or rugged way. Thro' the pen of Sir Walter Scott, this lake region is rich with association. At Aberfoyle we took a coach and galloped the horses seven miles up hill, and down dale barren of all but heather and brake until

we reached the banks of the beautiful Loch Achray, and on passed Ben Ledi and the peak where Roderick conquered the mighty Fitzjames in single combat—on to Lake Katrine, where a little steamer carried us around Ellen's Isle. The water is like another earth and sky—so still it is. Then another coach ride thro' forest covered glens and we are at Inversnaid, where a cascade, making music, falls into Lock Lomond. This lake is as beautiful as Lucerne. What could I say more? A bevy of gulls followed our steamboat the entire twenty miles. Leonard and Dwight threw pieces of bread high in the air, and the birds nearly always caught them before they reached the water. That was great fun!

At Glasgow our conductor met us with a coach and took us for an hour's drive about the city. It is not grey like Edinburgh, but has the British characteristic of chimney pots. That is a very peculiar sight—from seven to thir-

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teen tiles on the top of a single chimney. It may be because the fire place is universal here, and each grate has a separate flue. We can find no other explanation. There are miles and miles of shop windows full of hats and dresses, miles more of stone dwellings, many of them apartment houses, with leaded glass windows. The University and Music school are handsome buildings. Then on and on we went to the Necropolis high on the hill, and marked with many high grave stones. Just in front of it is the Roman Cathedral which is now used by the Scotch Presbyterians.

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*Saturday, July 27, 1907.*

Leonard and I have had a chase this morning buying a traveling rug. I wanted the prettiest in Glasgow, and Leonard wanted the best, so we looked at several hundred, and finally bought a Douglas-Wallace Tartan because it is the best in wool and weight and name. The McGreegors are prettier, but I'm afraid McGreegor didn't

have the fame of Wallace.

At lunch Dwight said he had tickets to Ayr — an hour's ride along the Irish sea. What a surprise to find a thriving city, and street cars to take us to the Burns monument! Then we walked a little way to the Brig O'Doon and back to Alloway Kirk which looks spooky enough in the daylight, with its roof off and a blank hole for a door. We walked back along the well beaten path to the Burns cottage. It is a white washed, three room cabin with thatched roof. The grass of the roof is at least fourteen inches thick. The floor is of rough stone. There are three openings an inch or two wide, like slits in the wall, that serve for windows in the room where Robert Burns was born. The next and middle room is the stable with six stalls in it; and beyond is the kitchen with fire-place and crane, and a cupboard bed in the opposite wall.

Of course, I had to buy a Tam O'Shanter in Ayr, and was fortunate in finding one just

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across from the ale shop Tam loved so well. A statue of him and of his jovial friend, Souther Johnnie, was carved by a self taught sculptor, who was a friend of Burns, and these two jolly heads adorn the front of the shop where drinks are still sold. A picture of the witch pulling off Meg's leg is painted between them. The places associated with Burns are all kept in beautiful condition. His monument is the centre of an exquisite landscape garden, where all the flowers he loved so well bloom in profusion. In the monument room are the Bible he gave to Highland Mary, and two goblets he gave to Clardinda. As we stood on Brig o'Doon, we looked down into a garden where music and people were enjoying each other—and strawberries and cream, to boot.

In the town, is a statue of Burns with four illustrations of his poems in high relief on the pedestal—Tam O'Shanter and the witch with Meg's tail, The Cotter's Saturday Night, High-



land Mary, and a Soldier's Story.

On our way back to Glasgow, we decided to leave for Liverpool tomorrow—Sunday. What was our surprise to find that there are no Sunday trains.

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*Glasgow—July 28, 1907.*

This is a Presbyterian Sabbath. I am looking into the train shed from this table. Eight lines of coaches have been standing there all day. Not a person can be seen or heard—There! I never said anything yet but someone corrected me! This time it was a boy emptying garbage out of a wheel-barrow into a hole made by a trap door in the station pavement. But he is gone before I can tell it.

We went to the Cathedral this morning. The seats were full of worshipers. The music was rarely beautiful. We had no programs, so I could not learn of the composers; but the Te Deum Laudamus was beautiful arranged and

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well sung. The collection was received in a velvet bag with a narrow slit in it. In London, they used a box with a slit in it. It looks over cautious. The two ministers wore black gowns with purple drapery down the back and the preacher had swan's down on his shoulders. He read the banns for Joseph Brown and Harriet Blank—the first reading.

The church is Presbyterian, but unlike ours in the Middle West. I could not understand the English, so studied the architecture and colored windows. I am glad I had the time for they are sermons. One was an African with a baby on her back, another at the side, and the hand outstretched like a beggar. That is a good missionary window

One hymn that was sung seemed especially beautiful, "Be still, my Soul." The organist and instrument were in perfect harmony. There was a very well trained chorus choir and the tenor soloist has a rare voice. The choir loft

is in the gallery opposite the pulpit and lecturn. The pews are on all sides of the square where and two ministers sit on each side of the lecturn.

In the afternoon, I walked out to see St. George's square more. The children were playing tag around the heels of Queen Victoria's equestrian statue, and in the very shadow of James Watts and Sir Walter Scott.

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*Liverpool—July 30, 1907.*

A day of rain and sunshine on the train yesterday brought us over beautiful hills and valleys, but passing very few farmhouses to this busy city. After we were comfortably lodged at the Adelphi, we started out to buy a thistle table-cloth as a souvenir of Scotland. That took us into many good stores and a few poor ones—for the thistle is not a common pattern. A sales man answered our query "At what hour is the store open in the morning?" with "Those

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that 'live in' are here at 8:30. The shop must be scrubbed. It is open for customers at 9:00. I wish I didn't live in." When we inquired further he said he and the other employees eat and sleep in the building. He receives six hundred shillings and his living a year. It seems very little. Scarcely twelve dollars a month.

This morning we four, Dwight, Virginia, Leonard and I started off for a day in Chester. And what a satisfactory day it was! We went thro' the East gate with the Victoria Jubilee clock above it, on down Watergate street to find the oldest house. We thought each one must be it, but were sure of it when we came to the one with "God's Providence is mine inheritance." carved into the great beam that reaches across the front of the house. Another house motto is "The fear of the Lord is the fountain of Life."

We walked around the old Roman Wall and exclaimed every step as we looked down upon

the beautiful gardens, or read quaint inn signs—one read, “We eater to beds,” another is the sign of the bear. The river Dee reflects sunshine as it tumbles thro’ the race of the mill. Just beyond it is Eaton Hall—the home of the Duke of Westminster.

The cathedral was very satisfying. Roaming around and reading the tablets here and there. It was in so doing, we found the name of William Makepeace Thackeray and his wife directly in the aisle. We first had passed it by (so modest it is) being so taken with heroic mosaics of Abraham, Moses, David and Elijah.

But the best of Chester is the up and down stairs streets. We walked up the downstairs streets, and down the upstairs streets, and the pleasure never grew less. We were all hunting a Wedgewood tea-pot which Virginia wanted for a souvenir, and found numberless antique shops. Leonard artlessly called one second hand, but the saleswoman said “Not second

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just priced a broken tea-pot, creamer, bowl and four cups and saucers (all mended ware) being packed, having been sold for \$75. We found that Wedgewood was not limited to the cameo ware we were familiar with. We saw lots of black, some brown or terra cotta, countless gaily flowered pieces, and at last a few of the blue and white, which all the merchants sadly alluded to as "only modern." Age is at a premium here.

The tea signs tempted us, and twice we stopped at quaint places to drink a cup and eat a delicious hot toasted tea cake, and mammoth strawberries with rich yellow cream.

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*August 1 , 1907.*

Not yet eye weary, the last afternoon was spent in the Walker Museum. Except one room, the paintings are modern. In the entrance groups of statuary are, Jephtha and his daughter, Ruth and Naomi, A Wise and a Foolish virgin,

and Florizel and Peridta. In the hall above is a most affecting painting—"A Parting." A calf with feet tied together for shipping is being hugged by the little boy who has been his playmate. A *Reverie* by Dicksee, was Chicago in '93. "When did you see your father last?" A flaxen haired lad in blue velvet being quizzed by the peaked capped Cromwellians while his mother holds her breath fearing the innocent child's reply. The most famous painting is by Dante Rossetti—of the poet Dante trying to withhold the angel of death from kissing Beatrice.

This morning Mrs. Lewis and I took a long street car ride out on Croxteth Road to the park. Then we went to buy a bit of English china for a souvenir. I thought a cream jug appropriate, for we have had the most delicious cream since crossing the Channel. I selected one made in Staffordshire—a squatty thing with bright flowers on it.

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*S. S. Cedric—August 2, 1907.*

We are just off from Queenstown. That is a brief remark, but it means much!—that we are homeward bound. After all the interesting times we have had day after day, it is good to have a home to go to. We shall enjoy it all the more, enriched with the memories of Lucerne and Katrine, the Alhambra and Windsor Castle, the mosque of Cordova and Milan Cathedral, the narrow streets of Tangiers and the handsome Princes Street of Edinburgh. The gulls are following us because of the bites thrown into the sea. How graceful they are—whether soaring in the air or swimming on the water (It almost makes one wish to be a real, material angel and a material mermaid!) Soon even these companions will leave us and the sea turned a billious green, and many of us enough, if we have that within us to see it. And now we have left the lands of poppies—(I said that before, when we were in Switzer-



land and have seen poppies every day since.) Now I fear no contradiction. It is a great satisfaction to have the last word.

*August 3, 1907.*

It was well I wrote early yesterday—before the sea turned a billious green and many of us turned the same color. Today is smooth and the deck chairs are full. Two flocks of black birds have met us and flown east. A sailor tells us they sleep upon the water, only returning to the land at nesting time. A wireless message, posted on the stairway says Queen Wilhemenia assisted at the laying of the corner stone for the Carnegie Peace Conference Hall yesterday. Also that an outbreak in Tangiers resulted in the death of one Italian, two Spaniards, and four Frenchmen.

*August 8, 1907.*

Ship news has not yet been very startling. The passengers are rather reserved, so we have added to our acquaintance since sailing only

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the three passengers that sit at our table. One of them, who sat alone at the far end, an old Scotch gentleman who is connected with the White Star Line, introduced himself to us this morning in order to thank Virginia for the "many sweet smiles" she had given him during the voyage. He went on to tell her she reminded him of his late queen, Victoria, who always had a welcoming smile for everyone. When I told Leonard of this, he said he overheard a group on the Konig Albert saying Virginia had the face of a Madonna—What two tributes could be greater!

We have had a very smooth voyage, except for a squall yesterday afternoon. Even that did not seem much of a storm on this great steamer. The days pass quickly from the moment the maid brings to our beds a peeled orange on a fork in the early morning, until we return to that same soft couch at night. One great time annihilator has been to arrange our

five hundred postals in the album. That was like reviewing the pleasures of the past two months without any of the effect of early rising, eating omelet and carrots, or recalling that old pun about your real estate when each 1000 is an acre.

There is a great interest in the milage of the vessel each day. Especially among groups of passengers—both men and women—who have pooled their money and bought a number. The pool goes to the one who buys the number of miles the steamer makes in the next twenty-four hours. It is an intricate system. They form a new pool each day and some men have won in a day, six hundred dollars; more than four times the year's wages of our shop's salesman.

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*New York—Sunday, August 11, 1907.*

The rush has been on since about four o'clock Friday, when to our surprise a sparrow appear-

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ed on the uppermost deck. Where did it come from? When we looked to see, there, far out on our right, were very regular outlines of something, as if they might be Holland trees, or, as Virginia suggested, the basket hooded chairs of Scheveningen. From then on, the interest was keen for sights of our native land. The ladies donned their showy hats with ear-tickling feathers and billowy veils. Ships became so common that I despaired of keeping count after they had numbered thirty. Two of these were our battleships Kentucky and Illinois—what a rousing cheer we gave them! We are floating our own flag now; for Union Jack came down, and the Stars and Stripes went up as the American pilot climbed up the ladder on the side of the great ship to steer her into harbor. And such a harbor! Gibraltar, Naples, Glasgow, Liverpool—ah, there is but one America! Naples is beautiful as a dream, the others are so, but New York is the waking reality if en-

ergy and ability—a galaxy of glittering stars as we came in, in the falling twilight. The Goddess of Liberty welcomes the wanderer like a dignified matron, whose home is thrown open to those who choose to accept her hospitality. And well might she be proud to look about her at the floating palaces ablaze with light that glide thro' her spacious hall. And of all that floats, we were by far the greatest. Our battle-ships seemed pygmies as they passed us. But size is not always the most to be desired, surely it would be impossible to make the narrow canal on whose pier we were to land! Not so! Six little tugs came and poked their noses against our nose until we faced about; and then the six tugs went and poked their noses in the rear, until we gently swung along side the dock. So gently that not a fibre of wood of the ship or of the landing touched as we rounded the corner. Nothing seemed so difficult as that landing, the passengers on the steamer were shout-

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ing to their friends on the dock: "Are all well at home?" and vice versa, "How are you?" How much that means!

Out we poured with our fifteen pieces of baggage—an hour before, we had gone to the dining room just long enough to declare to the custom officer our name and address, when we sailed and to what port, how many pieces of baggage we took with us, and how many we brought back, and the valuation of the new goods. An experienced lady told me it was *wise* to have about eighty dollars' worth.

We had our baggage labeled "L" because there were only three passengers of that initial. We thought we were awfully smart, but everyone else did the same thing and "L" was a terrible jam. At last we had our stuff together and went for an inspector. "You say you have one hundred eighty dollars' worth?" I'm not a mind reader, so I'll have to look in your trunks." "Here's the list, sir." "Well, let's

see something. Have you anything in the suitcase?" "Yes. There is a muff in there." "You say you have a new trunk. Have you anything in the old one." "I have things everywhere. The table cloths are on the very bottom." "Well, well! it's too bad to bother you. I'll bring the appraiser." And he did. They both looked at those five dollar trunks with a sweeping glance and glued labels on saying, "Now you're all done, but the shouting." The only thing they looked at carefully was the Granada picture, which was crated. So a carpenter opened it and nailed it up again. Of course it was easy to see that we have nothing that injures our countries industries.

Two hours finished our task and we were driven to the hotel—a hot and tired party. How fine it was to have a swim after being limited to a bowl all summer! To be sure fifty cents would procure a big milk pan for you on the other side, but who wants to bathe in such a

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shallow pool? The next indulgence was the shampooer, a Frenchman, who urged a facial massage. I asked him why, for my face is as round as the moon. His answer was: "I would take the sun———shine out of it, **Madam**," which means tan.

What a world New York is! Parisian hats and barbers. Swiss chocolates and Brussels, Venetian and Spanish laces. Dutch cheeses, Italian singers. Irish women sitting on the streets with baskets of their crocheting. Shop windows and newspapers advertising Scotch plaids. And the sermon this morning by the eminent London Evangelist, Dr. G. Campell Morgan. These were all so before we went abroad, but how much more they mean to us now!

Yesterday afternoon we took a sight seeing motor trip thro' the beautiful part of the city. The man with the megaphone (we didn't see megaphones in Europe) told us as we passed



the homes of the millionaires, whether the money was accumulated by success in soap, oil, medicine or patent glove fasteners; or perhaps as in the cases of Richard Mansfield and Julia Marlowe, it was made by playing to man's higher nature on the stage. We passed Columbia University, drove along the road which is said to be like Rotten Row. But the grass is not so green as in England. Then we visited Grant's tomb—(so similiar to Napoleon's), and finally came along the Riverside drive to Hotel Astor which is home for the time being.

A night in Chinatown was the other extreme from the Riverside and out on Fifth Avenue; so disgusting and pitiable! The Chinamen have American wives who have become Chinese at least to the extent of using opium. In one house, a woman was lying on the bed smoking her pipe, containing the little round ball of opium, (like a big pill), which had been prepared for her by white men hired for that pur-

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pose. We were allowed to walk around the room containing their sacred altar, provided we kept our garments from touching and polluting it. Most places of worship have some thrill of goodness in them; but this—! The bowery dance hall is not unlike any other common hall. Three girls were there dancing in turn with the fifty men, many of them sailors. What a shame to give up a whole evening to something so disagreeable!

The Metropolitan Museum restored our pride in America's metropolis. Of course, it is not the Vatican or the Louvre, but "Rome was not built in a day."

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*Home—August 14, 1907.*

How good it is to be here! The curtains waved a welcome when we were 'way down the road; and the clocks are all ticking a greeting, and fresh flowers in every vase the house affords, are on the tables and mantel, and the

'phone ringing every five minutes to say "So glad you're home safe!" "We did have one narrow escape," I hear Leonard reply. "Where!" I ask in consternation. "If that automobile had run into us in Paris!" "But it didn't."

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## PERSONEL OF OUR PARTY.

Mrs. John Combs, South Orange,  
New Jersey.

Miss Combs and Master Combs,  
South Orange, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cook, Wind-  
sor, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cutting,  
Jerseyville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Dalbey, Jer-  
seyville, Ill.

Miss Keene, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Mr. Kussner, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ford Lewis, Jerseyville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lewis, Al-  
lentown, Penn.

Miss Wilcox, California.

## PERSONEL OF PARTY JOIN- ING US AT NAPLES.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Pitts-

Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, Malden,  
Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Belman, New York City.

Miss Carpenter, Providence, R. I.

Miss Cushing, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Dampman, Reading, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Horn, New York City.

Miss Laguno, New York City.

Mrs. Moffatt, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. and Master O'Neil, New York City.

Mrs. Porter and the Misses Porter, Texas.

Mrs. Shafer, Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Shaw and daughter,, California.

















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